THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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HALLOWE'EN.

BY ASTLEY H. BALDWIN.

All Saints' Eve! And by the cross-stones of the
daily growing brook,
Swelling with the rains of Autumn, in a nut-
bough covered nook
Katie listens in the twilight—foolish heart!—
that she may hear
The footsteps of a lover who is growing far too
dear.

For she thinks—so says the legend—on the night
of Hallowe'en
That the man to be her husband will by her
bright eyes be seen,
If she eats a mellow apple, o'er her shoulder
throws a look,
And waits for his forthcoming by the cross-
stones of the brook.

And she knows that black-eyed Robin passes
nightly by this way—
Ah, were he to ask the question, Kate would
never say him nay!
Foolish, foolish little maiden, e'er to dream
that, if she wait
By the brookside in the twilight, she can mould
the will of Fate

To her own long-dreamed-of wishes! No, girl,
that may never be!
It is not by vain longings we can shape our
destiny;
Fortune's smiles are far too fickle—they are
never to be bought,
Though the wish with youths and maidens is
the father to the thought.

GENTLEMAN DICK;

OR,

The Cruise of the Dolphin!

A Story of Scenes and Adventures in the North Pacific.

By Captain Clewline.

[This serial was commenced in No. 13, Vol. 54. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

"I'll give them a surprise party," said Dick. . . . . A bright flame leaped up, in the midst of which he could see the rats going up into the air.

CHAPTER IV.

A BATTLE WITH RATS.

Dick understood his danger in an instant, and prepared himself for the worst. Catching up a stone which lay at his feet, a part of the ballast, he hurled it into the midst of the advancing host with a loud shout, which he made as terrible as he could. There was a confused scampering at that sudden and unknown sound, and not a rat was left upon the scene. Dick at once turned down his lamp, for he held that as a last resort. Should the oil give out before he was taken out of the hold, there was little hope for him. He turned it down, but not so low that it went out, and sat down again, with a large stone in each hand, for he knew that when their first panic was over the rats would return to the attack.

The Norway rat is not the sneaking and degenerate species which lurks about old buildings, and flies so rapidly at the approach of man. They are only seen on ships, and are very large and fierce. A man attacked by them in the dark has little chance of life. In the end they will kill him and tear him to pieces. Dick Fenton had heard so many stories of the ferocity of the ship rat that he knew the terrible danger which threatened him, and grew sick at heart for a moment, and then his bold spirit came to his aid.

"I'll fight them," he muttered through his set teeth, "and if I can't beat I'll die game. I hope God will forgive my sins, for I am young to die in this way."

Perhaps Dan Forsythe had not thought of the danger to which he exposed his young prisoner when he left him in the hold of the ship. He was not wicked enough to wish him to die in this horrible way, and had supposed that the light would be a protection. But he forgot that the Dolphin had lain for a long time in harbor, and had only been in charge of the harbor guard, and that during that time nothing of an edible nature had been carried on board until within the last week, and most of this was out of the reach of the animals. Hence they were mad with hunger, and more dangerous than ever. Groping about among the ballast Dick found a piece of wood about three feet long and two inches wide—a capital weapon in such a fray as this. Thrusting his hand into his pocket he felt a paper, which, to his delight, he found to contain gunpowder. He had bought it that day for a fowling-piece, which he meant to try upon the snipe, and had forgotten it until now.

"I'll give them a surprise party when they come again," he thought. "Let's see if I can make a slow-match."

He took out his pocket-handkerchief, which he tore into strips. Taking one of these, he daubed it with gunpowder, after he had wet the rag in spittle. In this way he made a slow-match nearly a yard in length. Scooping out a place in the ballast he laid the powder in a shallow track about ten feet in length, laid his slow-match and waited.

He was just in time, for the gleaming eyes of the rats could be seen as they crept up toward him, sharp squeals of rage and impatience coming from the more ravenous among them. They seemed to be without number, but Dick was reckless now, and he lighted his match. At the first gleam of the lucifer the rats halted, but only for a moment, and they came on, seeing nothing to frighten them in that little spot of fire running along the ground. The great body of rats had reached the long train of powder, and were huddled over it when the fire reached the charge in the trench. Dick was literally stunned by the shock, and fell back upon the ballast. A bright flame leaped up, in the midst of which he could see the rats going up into the air horribly singed and maimed. The destruction was awful, and Dick was appalled by the work of his hands. A dense, fetid smoke filled the place, and he found it difficult to breathe, but he raised himself, turned on his light, and looked about him.

Twenty or thirty rats were in sight, dead or dying, and many others, with scarcely a hair on their bodies, were sneaking away to their hiding places. But, to his surprise, a great mass of the horrible creatures, who had not been injured, were tearing at the dead, and a still greater number were advancing toward him with wolfish eyes.

They seemed bent upon vengeance for their slaughtered companions, and Dick caught the stick to defend himself, uttering a loud shout to scare them back. But they came on in spite of the light, their eyes gleaming brightly and their white teeth showing. They seemed to be utterly fearless, and were led on by a gray old patriarch, as large as two common rats, who marshaled his forces as a general leads his soldiery. They filed off to the right and left, intending to take him in the front and in the rear, but Dick knew that this would not do, and he darted to the mainmast, against which he placed his back and waited for the attack.

They came at him with fury, and a strange battle began in the hold of the ship. Trampling his assailants under his feet, striking them down with the heavy club, he destroyed them by scores. Still they swarmed about him, and all the slain did not seem to diminish their number in the least. He felt their sharp teeth meet in his lower limbs again and again, and the torture was dreadful; but he fought on, almost against hope, praying even as he struck, for Dick Fenton had learned to pray, boys, and was not ashamed of it. In an hour like this we remember the prayers we learned at our mother's knee.

But he set his teeth and fought on, and at every blow his enemies fell. He felt himself growing weak, and uttered a cry of agony and despair. Remember how young he was, and how little he thought of such a fate when he came on board the Dolphin under the care of Dan Forsythe. Even while he prayed for himself he found it hard to forgive the man who had brought him to this. What if he had known the real author of his miseries—his own brother?

Still he struck, but his blows grew weaker, and seemed to fall mechanically. He no longer hoped, but only struggled to sell his life dearly. They were swarming all about his person, clinging to his clothing, and he had barely strength to tear them off and fling them down upon the ballast.

Would any one know his fate? Would Dan Forsythe dare, after he found his mangled form, to tell the others that he had left a boy, who never harmed him, to die such a death as this? Let us do Forsythe the justice to believe that he did not dream of this, and would have hurried to the rescue in an instant if he had known it.

Dick raised his hand for the last blow, and struck. He fell upon his face among the ballast, while his enemies leaped upon the prostrate form, wriggling and screaming. Dick Fenton was conquered!

CHAPTER V.

PHILIP FENTON AT HOME.

The man who had conspired with Dan Forsythe for the kidnapping of his younger brother did not return to the "Ship" until nearly midnight, and then his flushed face and excited eyes showed that he had been drinking deeply. He went into the office of the hotel and asked the clerk if his brother had gone up to his room.

"I have not seen him since he went out with Dan Forsythe, the first mate of the Dolphin, early in the afternoon," replied the clerk. "At the same time he may be in his room, for I was out after tea, and staid two hours. I'll ask the bell-boy about it."

The bell-boy had not seen Dick Fenton, as a matter of course, and Philip Fenton, assuming an expression of fear, ran up to his room and remained there for some moments, chuckling over the success of his brutal plot against his brother. Then he came down and started out men in search of the boy, while he ran down to the wharf, and peered out into the gloom to ascertain if the whaleship still lay at her anchor. As he gazed he saw white sails just disappearing in the gloom, and knew that the Dolphin was sailing on her three years' cruise. His heart gave a wild throb, for he felt that the boy was out of his way forever, for Dan Forsythe would earn that two thousand dollars even at the expense of crime. He ran about like a madman, and offered a great reward to the men whom he met if they would find his brother.

"D'ye mean the lad who went out to the Dolphin with Dan Forsythe?" asked one of these men.

"Yes, yes; a fine looking boy, tall enough to be of age, although he is only sixteen. Did you see him?"

"Messmate," said the man, solemnly, "go home as soon as you like, and three years from now come back to New Bedford and meet the Dolphin when she comes into port; for, as sure as I live, that there boy never left the ship after he landed on her decks."

"Why should they keep him?" gasped Philip. "He could be of no use to them."

"Don't you believe it. I was plying about in my boat, and I saw him go aloft like an old salt, and slide down a backstay to the deck. Old Tom Manning may have taken a fancy to him; or, perhaps he wanted to go, and kept out of sight until the ship sailed. Anyhow, that there boy has gone in the Dolphin, you may bet your life."

"It may be so," said Fenton, in a musing tone. "He was always crazy about going to sea, and I am afraid he has given me the slip."

"There is one thing I will say, sir," said the man; "he has made a good choice of a ship and captain, for old Tom is a rare good navigator, and what we call a lucky captain—never lost a ship yet, and always comes home full to the hatches. He will use the boy well, you may depend."

The treacherous brother kept up the appearance of search throughout the night, and seemed to come to the conclusion at last that the boy had really gone to sea, and could not be heard from in years, if indeed he ever came back. He took the first train for his home in Boston, and reached it early in the day and at once hurried out of the city to his mother's home in the suburbs. It was a beautiful place, this country seat of the Fentons. The family consisted of the widowed mother, Philip, Richard and Grace, the latter a beautiful girl of fourteen. As Philip stepped out of the carriage at the front of the house, Grace came flying down the walk to meet him, looking very much surprised to think that he had arrived so soon.

"I thought you intended to stay for a month in Philadelphia, Phil?" she said, turning up her lips for a kiss. "Why, where is Dick? You need not hide in the carriage, sirrah! If I come after you, it will be all the worse for you."

"Dick is not in the carriage, Grace," said Philip, gravely. "Where is mother?"

"She went to the city this morning on a visit to Uncle Richard, who wanted to see her very much."

"Hold on, driver," said Philip, as the cabman turned his horses; "I am going back with you."

"Something dreadful has come to our Dick!" cried Grace. "Don't think to leave me here, Phil; if you go to the city I must go with you, and hear what the trouble is. Is Dick dead? what has happened?"

"For all I know, Dick is as happy as you or I. He has run away, and sailed on board a whale ship for the North Pacific."

Grace drew a deep breath of relief.

"I will never forgive him for not taking me with him," she said. "Wait till I get my hat, and I will go with you to the city."

She ran into the house and quickly reappeared, having hastily thrown a light shawl about her, and changed her sun hat. Grace resembled her younger brother very much, both in looks and character. She was open-hearted as the day, of a sweet, confiding disposition, and dearly loved adventure of any kind. That Dick should run away, and take a voyage to the North Pacific, seemed to her the most natural thing in the world.

"Won't Uncle Dick rave and tear things generally, when he hears it," said Grace, laughing. "I am afraid he will break that will which offended you so much, and make one in your favor. Dick ought to have asked his advice before he ran away."

"Uncle Richard does not like me, or he would never have given such a property to my younger brother, utterly ignoring my existence. Why, you will have a hundred thousand dollars out of the estate, and I, a half mile race course, in a country village, because I take an interest in horse races, and jockeys; think of that."

"He found out that you not only bet on horse races, but it was said that you took an unfair advantage to win."

"Do you believe it, Grace?"

"What do I know about races? There was something about bribing the blacksmith who shod the horses, and who doctored that poor horse's foot in such a way that he could not run, and you won a large sum of money with a very poor horse."

"You seem to be well informed," said Philip, gnawing his livid lips. "I think very little of the man who would tell such stories as these to a fellow's only sister."

By this time the carriage was rolling rapidly along the road to the city, the driver incited to speed by the promise of extra pay. They came dashing into Charlestown at a rattling pace, and drew up before the door of an unpretentious house in the suburbs. Yet this house, which looked like the residence of a well-to-do artisan, was occupied by Richard Fenton, Senior, the uncle of the Fenton children, and a man whose property was estimated at a million and a half dollars. He was an old bachelor, who had given his life to the work of making money, and, as he said, had no time to fall in love or marry. Yet Uncle Richard was a noble man, and instead of wasting his great wealth upon a marble mansion for himself, he used it in doing good to his fellow man. No needy man, who could give a good word of himself in other respects, ever applied to Richard Fenton in vain. He had built a "Home" for indigent widows, which he sustained from his private purse. He subscribed largely to all *true* benevolent purposes, but refused utterly to give a penny to the heathen *abroad*. He did not quarrel with those whose benevolence only extended to Chinese, Hindoos, and Fejee Islanders, but said that he preferred to spend his money upon heathen with whom he was personally acquainted.

Uncle Richard loved his namesake better than any other being upon earth. He had formed plans for his welfare in various ways, and had openly said that his will was made, giving the greater part of his money to Dick. As for Philip, he had no confidence in him. The old man, now bent with years, was seated in his easy chair at his desk, looking over some papers, and near him sat Mrs. Fenton, a sweet looking lady, whom to look at was to love.

"I am sorry you cannot love Philip," she was saying.

"Look here, Mary; I have lived in the world seventy years, and never yet trusted a man a second time who had been guilty of a small or mean trick. I——"

He was interrupted, for a carriage rattled up to the door, which was flung open without ceremony, and Philip, followed by Grace, strode into the room, looking defiantly at his uncle.

"This fellow has been up to something," muttered the acute observer of human nature. "What is it?"

CHAPTER VI.

WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH YOUR BROTHER?

"I beg your pardon for coming into your house at all, Mr. Fenton," said Philip, coldly; "but my errand must be my excuse. I know that you do not like me, and think that my brother is perfection itself, but I cannot help that."

Mr. Fenton did not speak, but his lips seemed to form the question: "What has this fellow been up to now?"

"Will you allow me to speak to my mother alone?" said Philip.

"Is it about Dick?" said Mrs. Fenton, who had turned very pale. "Don't quarrel with your uncle, for my sake, Philip."

"Don't be afraid of a quarrel, Mary," said Mr. Fenton. "Your son has not come here to quarrel with me. If this is about Dick, I must hear it in person."

"I thought you would say that I had tried to injure him in your opinion, because you had left him your money. Curse the money! It won't bring my brother back, and whatever you may think or say, I loved him dearly."

"It may be so," said Mr. Fenton. "You speak violently, but your tone is that of an honest man, and that I always like to hear. First of all, to put us out of suspense, is my dear boy dead?"

"No."

"Thank God for that; is he injured in any way?"

"As far as I know, he is as well as you or I. Uncle Richard, if you will permit me, I will sit down, for I never went to bed last night."

"Be seated, be seated," said Mr. Fenton, quickly. "I am ashamed to say that in my excitement I forgot what was due to the claims of ordinary politeness. Now then; what is it?"

"Dick has run away to sea."

"Ha!" ejaculated Uncle Dick.

Philip told the story from end to end, expressing his sorrow at letting the boy go, while the others listened. The treacherous brother did not like the look upon the face of his uncle. It was too keen and searching, and he seemed to analyze every statement as it fell from the lips of the speaker, and from time to time, jotted down a word upon a paper which lay beneath his hand.

"You knew this Forsythe, then?" he asked, when the story was done.

"Yes; mother knows him, too, for he was the son of an old and trusted servant."

"What was his character?"

"I never heard anything against it."

"Oh, Phil!" cried Grace. "You know that when he came to visit his mother, when I was a little girl, he stole some silver plate and a bracelet, and father would not prosecute him, because Mrs. Forsythe was such a good old woman."

"Grace seems to know something against the character of Forsythe, if you do not," said Uncle Richard. "Who proposed going on board the Dolphin first?"

"Dick himself; he was saying that he had never gone over a full rigged whaler just as Forsythe came in, and I spoke of it to Dan, who offered to take him on board his ship."

"Then it was not premeditated on the part of Forsythe, you think?"

"Certainly not."

"Umph! I do not like the look of this business in the least, Philip Fenton. Your Dan Forsythe is a scoundrel and you knew him to be a thief, and yet, in the face of all this, you deliberately allowed him to walk off with your brother. Did Dick know about this theft?"

"I don't think he did," said Grace. "I never told him, and he was away at school when it happened."

"Mary," said Uncle Richard, turning to Mrs. Fenton, "of one thing you may be certain. Dick went on board this ship of his own free will, but he went with the intention of returning. I do not pretend to say why he did not return; perhaps this man, Forsythe, worked upon his boyish fancy with tales of the sea, and he consented to remain; or, perhaps, force was used. But he has not been guilty of any *intentional* wrong."

"I knew you would defend him," sneered Philip. "You always preferred him before me."

"I like his little finger better than your whole body," replied Mr. Fenton. "Mary, I wish you would go out into the garden with Grace, and let me talk to Philip."

"I beg that there shall be no quarrel," said Mrs. Fenton.

"Do not fear; I shall not quarrel with my father's brother, for if he tempts me too much, I shall leave the house," said Philip.

Mrs. Fenton took her daughter's hand and led her from the room, and the old man moved his easy chair so as to look full in the face of his nephew. The steady, cool, piercing look was something terrible, and Philip could not bear it. It seemed to him that his bad deed was written in characters of fire upon his forehead, and that his uncle could read it there.

"Look here," he said, angrily, "what do you mean by glaring at me, like an escaped lunatic? Will you speak?"

Still the old man did not speak, but kept his eyes steadily fixed upon the face of his nephew, and as he looked a sterner light came into his eyes, a light so terrible that Philip shrunk back appalled.

"Yes, I *will* speak, scoundrel!" he cried. "*Cain*, what have you done with your brother?"

CHAPTER VII.

REDEEMED FROM DEATH.

Dick Fenton dropped like a log upon the ballast, and his ferocious enemies leaped upon his prostrate form.

As he went down a blaze of light flashed before his eyes, but he was too weak to realize anything, and the next moment he was senseless as the stones upon which he lay. He did not even feel the sharp teeth in his flesh, for he had fainted. If Philip Fenton could have answered the question which his uncle asked him, if he had dreamed how horrible the fate really was to which he had consigned the boy, I think he would have felt a pang even in his bad heart. Remorseless as he was, he would not have wished that the boy who had loved him so well should perish in agony.

* * * * * *

Dick Fenton came to his senses at last.

Was he in another world, and was all he had learned at his mother's knee false? He felt sharp pains in his back and limbs, and realized the fact that he lay upon a soft couch, and that a large, dark face was looking down upon his. As his eyes became more accustomed to the light, he saw that he was in the forecastle of a ship, and that a bed of blankets had been made upon two large sea-chests. A ship's lantern, swaying from the bulkheads, lighted up the scene. A dozen or more men were in the bunks, some sleeping, others smoking, and looking at him curiously; while, seated on the edge of the chest near his head, was "Tatty," the harpooner, a kindly smile upon his hard, scarred and weather-beaten face.

"You lay still," he said, in his heavy base voice, "I'll take care of you, and you will get well in no time."

"Those horrible rats," murmured the boy. "I thought they had conquered me."

"So they had," said Tatty. "Only the first mate went down for you, just in time. You see he never thought that the rats would pitch in as soon as they did, while you had a lighted lantern, and would have left you there all night, only for the fire."

"Was the ship on fire?"

"Pretty near it. You burned some powder down there, didn't you?"

"Yes; I blew up some of the rats, too."

"I should think you did! Well, the powder started the decking over the run, and the smoke came up thick and fast. We thought the ship was on fire, and that you had done it in order to get free. Never do that, my boy; you don't know the horror of a fire at sea. The mate ran down first, and just as he opened the scuttle you fell down, and the rats jumped on your back. You never heard such a scream as Dan gave, when he saw that, and he threw his lantern among them and jumped after it, scattering the rats in every direction. He brought you up in his arms as gently as if you had been a baby, and had a bed made for you here. I'm to take care of you until you can walk."

"You are very kind; what is your name?"

"I am Tatai Mainitu, a prince in my own land. On board the Dolphin I am Tatty, the harpooner. Boy, I am going to be your friend, if you will make a friend of one of my blood."

"I like you very much already, Tatty, and accept your friendship. I only hope that we shall be good friends. Why was I brought here and made a prisoner?"

"I don't know, my boy, but I'll give you a little advice. If they don't want to tell you why you were brought here, they won't, and it won't do any good to ask them. Perhaps you'll say you never signed the articles, and that they have no right to hold you. That don't make any difference, for on board a ship like this, the captain is a king, and the first mate his prime minister. What they tell you to do you must do without questioning, and take your revenge when you get ashore, if you want it. Now I've got to put some of this liniment on your bites."

He removed the bandages from the lower limbs of his patient, and Dick saw that they were covered with bites, from the ankle to the knee. The ship surgeon had left some liniment, and Tatty applied it to the wounds, rubbing it in smartly with his broad palm. The medicine was harsh, but the best thing that could be applied, and Dick began to feel less stiff and sore. He had been bitten in the back and shoulders in many places; and after he had bathed the wounded parts thoroughly, Tatty replaced the bandages and drew the blanket over the boy's shoulders.

"All the starboard watch, ahoy! Tumble up—tumble up, there. Wake, ye sleepers; rouse and bitt!" cried a voice from the deck.

Instantly the cabin was in confusion, as the starboard watch tumbled out of their bunks, got into their clothes without grumbling, and went on deck, each man bidding Dick "brace up sharp," "keep an even keel," and other kindly sea phrases as they passed. The "port" watch, being relieved, at once came below, and each one expressed a kindly interest in the injured boy. They seated themselves upon chests, the companion ladder, their bunks, and the lockers; and one of their number, a grizzled old salt, told them a tale of the sea.

"Perhaps you may not know, shipmets," he said, "that this blessed old barky has a ghost. If you don't know it, then it is time you did—case why; you'll be meeting the spook some night, and it'll take you unawares; and I would not have my shipmets scared for all the world." [TO BE CONTINUED.]

A COURAGEOUS CHIEF.

The following remarkable feat of determination is told of General Trepoff, the head of the St. Petersburg police, who had given in earlier life extraordinary proofs of personal courage: A fearful double murder was recently committed at the military academy of the city by a policeman, who being attached to the female servant of the doctor of the establishment, fancied he had cause to suspect her of infidelity. Having entered the doctor's quarters to upbraid her, he ended by taking up a carving-knife and killing her on the spot, and then slaying the doctor himself with it in his study. Here he locked himself in with the instrument of his crime, and vowed he would dispatch the first man with it who attempted to arrest him. The police summoned to the spot were awed by his apparent determination, while some proposed to shoot him as a wild beast, and a party went in search of a fire-engine with a view to drench him into surrender. A report of the occurrence reached General Trepoff. Springing into a droschky, which is kept ready for emergencies, the General was on the scene in a few minutes. He ordered the door to be burst open, and then entered unarmed. As he expected, the murderer retreated into a corner prepared to sell his life dearly. The General approached him unhesitatingly, with the words: "Well, my friend, you have committed a pretty pair of murders, and I hear you are going to stick any one who tries to take you. Now stick me; for I have come on purpose to take you myself." The wretched man was so awed by the quiet and authoritative manner of his former superior that he lowered his weapon and made no reply to the challenge, and two of the police officers who had followed General Trepoff sprang on him and secured him without further resistance. It is not surprising that the St. Petersburg police, in relating the story, declare their chief to be the bravest man in Russia.

EVERY DAY.

BY FRANK B. WILSON.

Oh, trifling tasks, so often done,
Yet ever to be done anew;
Oh, cares, which come with every sun,
Morn after morn, the long years through!
We shriek beneath their paltry sway—
The irksome calls of every day.

The restless sense of wasted power,
The tiresome round of little things,
Are hard to bear, as hour by hour
Its tedious iteration brings;
Who shall evade or who delay
The small demands of every day?

For even saints of holy fame,
Whose souls by faith have overcome,
Who were amid the cruel flame
The molten crown of martyrdom,
Bore not without complaint away
The petty pains of every day.

Ah, more than martyr's aureole,
And more than hero's heart of fire,
We need the humble strength of soul,
Which daily toils and ills requires:
Sweet Patience, grant us, if you may,
An added grace of every day.

LEGENDS OF THE RHINE.

No. 1.—THE FADED LOVE-TOKEN.

It was in those days of chivalric gallantry, when the smiles of fair damsels were won amidst breaking lances, and when cleft heads and helmets were quite the *ton*, that a brave knight, Sir Montz de Wallenstein, the heir of a large and fruitful domain, returned to his parental home at Nauwied, crowned with laurels reaped in the savage plains of Bohemia; and amidst the gallant train of courtiers and warriors that composed the royal retinue, none was more distinguished and honored than Sir Montz of Nauwied.

Nature and fortune had showered their gifts on him with a liberal hand. Brave, rich, handsome, and ennobled by the favors of his sovereign, it is not to be wondered at that the fortunate knight should be assailed by the bewildering glances of high-born beauties, who vainly strove to win his heart, and lead him captive, bound by the silken chains of love. The triumphant warrior had, however, sufficient strength of mind to resist the allurements of love and ambition, and chose to follow the dictates of his own free-will, which led him to indulge in the manly sports of the chase in his native forests, rather than waste his youth and health in the meretricious pleasures of a peaceful court.

Sir Montz appeared to be an enthusiast in hunting. Forest life had for him an irresistible charm. Of the greensward and the wild woodland scenery of his own land he never tired. Nature in her rough and savage moods presents many features that claim kindred with the bold and adventurous spirit of the hardy and fearless hunter.

Sir Montz was no vain carpet knight—no courtly sycophant; albeit he had winning manners enough when he had a mind to play the part of a polished gentleman; but he cared little for the society of the flatterers who hovered about the Court of his sovereign. Habitually, he was a plain, rough man, valiant, upright, and generous to a fault. He was lavish in his expenditures, and munificent in his gifts to those whom he most esteemed; so much so, indeed, as to be called by the neighbors, "the generous Sir Montz." He was withal charitable, seldom refusing assistance to the poor, the needy, and deserving—but he was a man, and, therefore, like the rest of all his species, subject to human error and passion.

The sequel of this brief chronicle will prove how uncertain is the spirit of the best of us. I say best advisedly, for most assuredly the hero of my story was esteemed as one of the most honorable and worthy knights of the period.

It was with feelings of suppressed chagrin that many a proud fair one who had contemplated bringing the knight to her side, as her devoted slave, beheld him spurring his fiery charger in the neighborhood of Nauwied and the surrounding districts.

"Methinks the brave Sir Montz lacks somewhat of knightly courtesy, in quitting the Court of his sovereign so abruptly," said Hilda Rudegar to her cousin, Jane Kheest, as, leaning over the balustrade of the balcony, she watched, with a bitter smile and heightened blush, the white plume of the heart-free young warrior, till it was lost behind the vine-clad hills.

"I'll wager my carcanet against your ruby ring, cousin, that Sir Montz would never dream of forsaking the pleasures of Court, if he had not some strong inducement to draw him away. It is not of the time-honored towers or gloomy walls of his parental home that he is enamoured," answered her companion.

"No; but the chase, no doubt—the pleasures of hunting."

"Not that entirely."

"What, then, do you suppose can be his object in quitting us so suddenly?"

"Some base-born rustic has, I doubt not, captivated him. How could he otherwise have escaped the snares you laid to entrap his heart?" replied Jane, with spiteful triumph.

"I lay snares for his heart!" exclaimed Hilda, her face becoming suffused with a deep blush. "No, no, cousin; I lay snares for no man. As to Sir Montz, I hate him—positively despise him!"

With these words, accompanied by a toss of her beautiful head, Hilda quitted the balcony, duly resolving to leave no means untried to make Sir Montz a captive to her charms, whenever an opportunity again offered for her doing so. The man she affected to despise she secretly admired—I might almost say loved.

Utterly oblivious to the fact that a high-born, beauteous woman had determined upon winning him, Sir Montz pursued his journey with a light heart. He heard not the feminine reproaches of the cousins. His heart was free. He had never felt the influence of love, nor had his lips ever spoken its language. War had hitherto been his sole mistress; and now, while pursuing with avidity the delights of a forester's life, love had found no opportunity to aim one well-directed shaft at his heart. It is true, he had been thrown into the society of the high-born beauties of his own land, whose seductive smiles might move an anchorite; but beyond the usual courtesies exchanged in polite society, Sir Montz had never chosen to pass. The ladies who boasted the honor of his acquaintance had a contrariety of opinions. Some averred that he was cold-hearted; others, that he was proud and ambitious; while a few inclined to the belief that he had formed some secret attachment which, for reasons best known to himself, he did not care to acknowledge. Each morning, surrounded by his vassals and retainers, he might be heard making the haunts of the wood deities echo to the clear recheat of his bugle-horn. Each evening beheld him, girt with the companions of his sport, seated at the head of the great table in his ancient hall, draining the good Rhine wine, and making the old roof resound to many a joyous carol and merry roundelay. For several months, matters went on thus, during which period our sportive knight continued to pursue his careless habit of life, until one evening, after a severe and protracted chase, during which Sir Montz became separated from his followers, when he found himself in a remote and, to him, unknown part of the forest.

In vain, he blew the summoning call for his retainers; the blast died away unanswered, save by the melancholy echoes of the dark woods, whose sombre depths seemed to prolong the dying cadence of his bugle horn. Sir Montz, at this time, felt very much alone; he never remembered feeling so solitary. The spot whereon he stood was a small circular glade, or open space, encompassed by dark ancestral trees, that, like shadowy shapes worked by a sorcerer's spell, crowded round the magic boundary, yet afraid to reach its limits. One solitary sycamore, like the magician of the scene, waved its tall form in the very centre of the enclosure, and shadowed with its spreading branches a small fountain which sparkled at its root.

It appeared the very spot for the abiding place of elves, fairies, or wood nymphs. The rising moon shone with unusual brilliancy, and pouring a flood of light through the motionless leaves of the sheltering trees, gave to the mirror-like basin beneath, the appearance of a splendid chequer-work in ebony and silver. Sir Montz gazed furtively around; strange thoughts rushed rapidly through his brain; he felt faint and exhausted with the toils of the day, and beheld, with mingled feelings of surprise and joy, a refreshing draught this opportunity presented to his parched lips. He dismounted from his gray steed, and cautiously approached the alluring spring and was on the point of kneeling down on its mossy margin, to slake his thirst in the cool waters, when he became suddenly rooted to the earth by the appearance of a young female, clad in white, sitting on the opposite brink of the fountain. She looked intently into the water, and rocked herself to and fro, with slow and mournful regularity

Sir Montz's courage had never failed him in the hour of peril in the battle-field. His comrades had one and all acknowledged him to be the bravest of the brave. Nevertheless, he felt, at this time, unnerved, and stood irresolute and awe-struck. The sudden encounter of an armed host would have hardly caused his pulse to beat with quicker motion than did the strange appearance of that defenceless girl, amid the untrodden depths of the wild forest. There was something so mysterious in her demeanor, that an indefinable sense of fear held him for some minutes mute and motionless. At length, by a strong effort of will, he recovered his equilibrium, and found sufficient courage to address her.

"Fair lady," said the benighted huntsman, "what seek you in this lone place, unmeet for gentle damsel? If there be aught in which the sword of Sir Montz de Wallenstein can serve thee, name it, and by my vow of knighthood I will see thee righted."

The figure replied not, but raising her head from its drooping attitude, smiled mournfully on the speaker. Sir Montz thought he had never beheld a face so bewitchingly beautiful. She was pale as the opening snowdrop, but her dark blue eyes shone with more than mortal splendor, and her taper fingers, as she removed the dark tresses from her brow, seemed like shafts of moonlight breaking through the darkness of a dungeon. His heart thrilled with a new and pleasurable sensation as he gazed upon the mysterious being; and again, after eagerly demanding to know how he might assist her, he entreated her to inform him who she was.

She looked thoughtfully at her questioner for a few moments, and then said, sadly, "It matters little, Sir Knight. Be wise, and seek to know no further."

"I will not hence," ejaculated Sir Montz, "until I have learnt who you are."

"Bold, rash man!" she murmured, in a voice whose tones fell in delicious melody upon his ear; "I am the guardian spirit of this spring. For ages past have I sat on its margin, looking at its clear waters, and waiting, with anxious hope, the fulfilment of my destiny; but the hope has proved a vain one."

The knight looked at his companion with surprise.

"And what may thy destiny be, fair spirit?" he inquired.

"Do you take sufficient interest in me to have a desire to know?"

"I do. Oh, keep me no longer in ignorance! You are——"

"A naiad!"

"I have already guessed as much."

"Who is doomed to watch by this fountain until a youth shall, for twelve months, continue to love me with unchanging constancy."

"Can it be possible that no man could be found to preserve his vow of love unbroken for that time?" said Sir Montz de Wallenstein.

The naiad shook her head.

"It seems impossible that one possessed of such a rare beauty——"

"Mortal steps have never approached my sylvan retreat until this very night," interrupted his fair companion.

Sir Montz, to use a hackneyed phrase, was all at once over head and ears in love, and said, with a greater amount of fervor than prudence:

"What if one should woo thee who would keep his faith for a year—what then?"

"I should then become a mortal, as he and his fate would be united to mine," said the guardian of the fountain.

"Mine be that enviable lot, gentle spirit!" exclaimed the knight, with rapture. "Fear not. In a twelvemouth, you shall be released from your bondage."

"I would that I could think you in earnest," returned the naiad.

"I never was more so; and I pledge my word, as a noble and a gentleman, that I will keep true and constant."

"Make no rash vows," said the naiad, as a smile of ineffable sweetness irradiated her beauteous features.

"You distrust me then, then—have no belief in my sincerity—doubt my word?" exclaimed her companion.

"Not so," she answered. "But reflect a little, ere you enter into a compact which you will hereafter regret."

"I have reflected."

"And are determined?"

"Yes—to keep my faith for twelve months."

"Such constancy is rare—is it not?"

And the naiad looked up into his face doubtingly.

"No. Methinks your question is a strange one. Perchance you may have no belief in man's constancy?"

"As yet, I have never tested it."

"But you will do so now?"

She smiled again, and said, "Yes. Now hear the conditions of my love. At this hour, and beside the fountain, on each returning full moon, for the next twelve months, you must meet me. Consider well of this proposition, and the conditions named, before you pledge your word, as a knight and an honorable gentleman, to keep true and faithful for so long a period."

"I have considered, and do not shrink from the penance imposed upon me."

"You promise, then?"

"I do."

"I will trust you," said the naiad, bending her graceful form over the surface of the fountain, from whence she plucked a water-lily, which she presented to her lover.

"I am to keep this as a token?" said the latter, hesitatingly.

"Yes," answered the water-nymph. "Wear it for my sake, as a token, as a pledge of affection. It will retain its beauty and freshness so long as you remain true and faithful to the giver; but when you prove inconstant, it will instantly become withered."

"I am under no apprehension of your love-token fading," said Sir Montz, in a confident tone; "be assured that it will retain its freshness. I will wear the emblem of truth and purity for thy sake."

After this adventure, Sir Montz de Wallenstein became an altered man. He abandoned the sports of the chase, and shunned society. His only pleasure seemed to consist in wandering alone in the forest. His love-token, the water-lily, he had received from the hands of the beautious naiad, was cherished as the dearest prize of his heart. It remained fresh and blooming. On the evening of the first full moon, its possessor impatiently bent his footsteps in the direction of the fountain in the forest. He beheld his fair enslaver, to whom he repeated his vows; and, during the ten succeeding moons, Sir Montz, faithful to his vow, repaired on the appointed evening to the trysting-place. On the night of the eleventh moon, the last but one which was to have completed his vow, he flew on the wings of passion to meet his beloved spirit. He thought she had never looked so lovely. Her eyes sparkled with love and hope, and her whole appearance indicated that she was about to quit the land of spirits, and become a living reality. Sir Montz was in ecstacies; but, alas! for the endurance of man's faith!

A few days after the last meeting of the lovers, while Sir Montz de Wallenstein's whole mind was filled with approaching felicity, a courier from the Emperor announced to him that his Majesty proposed recreating himself at Nauwied, and during his sojourn there he purposed enjoying the sports of the chase. The halls of Sir Montz's ancestral home were quickly filled with the royal party. Among the high-born beauties of the royal suite, was Hilda Rudegar. This last-named lady had not forgotten her vow; she determined to subjugate the heart of the man whom she now loved more than she cared to acknowledge. The witching Hilda was destined to become a formidable and fatal rival to the nymph of the fountain. Possessed of a rare beauty, of charming manners, and a sweet, low, plaintive voice, together with all the seductive arts of a practical courtier, it is no matter for surprise that she should soon succeed in getting Sir Montz within her toils. Her close companionship with him in the chase gave her ample opportunity of carrying out her long-cherished design. In the end, her triumph was complete. She succeeded in bringing the stubborn Sir Montz to her feet.

"Man is a strange animal," says a modern poet, and the strangeness of his nature was never more strikingly exhibited than in the conduct of Sir Montz de Wallenstein. Each day his struggles with the tempter became less resolute, until at length virtue and honor sank in the conflict. His vow was all but forgotten. In the society of the young and fascinating Hilda Rudegar, the image of the beauteous naiad became as fleeting and evanescent as his own faith or constancy. An entertainment of an extraordinary magnificence was given at Sir Montz's chateau. This was followed by a mask and revel. The entertainment concluded with a grand ball. It was on this occasion that Hilda Rudegar's triumph was complete. As a natural consequence, Sir Montz was her partner in the several dances during the evening. He conducted her into one of the ante-rooms, and made a declaration of his love. Prompted either by caprice or pique, his fair companion snatched the lily from his breast, and said, sportively, "What is this?—a love-token? I will wear it for your sake."

"Nay, not so," stammered out the knight, in evident confusion; "do not wear that emblem."

"Ah, I see, it is a faded token," she ejaculated.

Her words were significant enough, for even as she held forth the flower, it drooped and withered in her hand.

Sir Montz became suddenly awakened to a sense of his own perfidy. A groan of bitter anguish escaped him. His companion regarded him with an inquiring glance, whereupon, by a violent effort, he contrived to smother his feelings. But a night did not pass over without his paying a visit to the home of the naiad. When all was silent within the chateau, he sallied forth, and paused not until he had reached the margin of the fountain, which he had some difficulty in recognizing, for it was wrapt in all but impenetrable gloom. The last rays of the moon silvered the topmost branches of the tall sycamore tree; but the fountain was black as night. Sir Montz de Wallenstein uttered a groan. It was evident that the spirit no longer watched over the waters. Her form was nowhere distinguishable. But as the knight gazed sadly upon the scene, a strain of unearthly music fell upon his ear. It sounded like a dirge for the departed. Then a low sigh seemed to float over the silent waters of the fountain; its prolonged echo smote the heart of the knight. Then all was still.

Slowly and sadly Sir Montz turned, and left the charmed spot, now no longer brightened by the presence of the radiant being to whom he had been constant for eleven successive moons. The haunt of the naiads was wrapped in Cimmerian darkness. Her inconstant lover never again ventured in the forest, as, in less than two months, he led Hilda Rudegar to the hymeneal altar, and in the society of his young, beautiful and fascinating wife, he succeeded in obliterating the image of the water nymph from his memory.

FACE TO FACE;

OR,

SINNING FOR HER SAKE!

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GERALD," "TWICE WON," ETC.

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CHAPTER XXIX.

AN UNEXPECTED VISITOR.

Stretched on the sofa, in moody thought, Mr. Carthen neither looked up nor turned, when he heard the door open, but said, carelessly, "Some more beef-tea I suppose! Pray put it down, Andrews. If I must take it all, I would as soon take it cold as hot. Make up the fire before you leave the room."

"Mr. Carthen—".

His name was spoken in such a soft, appealing voice, that he turned sharply round, forgetting about his wound, until the sudden pain reminded him. Then he fell back, faint from the agony and a certain disappointment he could hardly define. Assuredly he had not expected that this veiled figure was Lady Lina, but still less had he expected to see her proud, cold, elder sister.

He uttered her name in an accent that showed his astonishment plainly.

"I am afraid you must be dreadfully shocked to see me here," she answered, just lifting her veil, and showing him her face, crimsoned with shame and shy tenderness. "But we could get no reliable news of you, and we were so anxious. Wilfred was out, or I should have sent him; and, as no one will see me, I don't think it can signify."

Was this the cold, proud Lady Clementina? Mr. Carthen began to fancy that he must have taken leave of his senses; it seemed altogether so improbable. In spite of himself, he was touched by this act, which, in her, was a compliment of the most exquisite kind.

"You are very good to feel anxious about me," he replied. "Excuse me, if I cannot rise and offer you a seat. They tell me I have been at death's door, and I am still very weak. Anyhow, I have made a decided step towards recovery, and hope to be well now soon."

"You must be very lonely," said Lady Clementina, softly. "I always fancy that when people are ill they need companionship more than at any other time. At least I do."

"You are so fortunate Lady Clementina."

"I am? How?"

"You have a sister."

"Yes; only that Lina is so thoughtless. Besides, I must not try and think her indispensable to my happiness, as she is likely to leave me soon."

"Leave you?"

"You have not heard then?" inquired Lady Clementina, in a voice of assumed surprise.

"I have heard nothing."

"Then I must ask you to keep my news to yourself. Besides, it is not quite settled, and looks indelicate to speak of these things so long beforehand."

"What things?" he sighed out, with a terrible pain at his heart, which hurt him more than his wound had ever done.

"Why, marriage!"

"Lady Lina is not going to be married?"

He had just voice enough to ask this question; and then, he sat back, eager, yet stupefied, listening for Lady Clementina's answer, as the Greeks of old listened for the verdict of their favorite oracle.

"I believe so; but really, really you mustn't mention this until I give you leave. It would be so odd to talk about it too early."

"Whom is she to marry?"

"The Marquis of Dawford."

"What! that old man?"

"Indeed, I can't have you speak against him," said Lady Clementina, in her most honied voice. "He has behaved so nicely, and he seems really attached to dear Lina. It is just the match of all others for her. His age and wisdom will temper her indiscretion and tone down her thoughtless levity. And then, the family jewels are really splendid. Not that I value such things; but then she is only a child still, you see, and one ought not to expect too much."

"She will be miserable," said Mr. Carthen, choking down a sob. "The Marquis of Dawford is a miserable tyrant."

"Ah, but you mustn't say such things, Mr. Carthen, please. We are all so delighted, and papa and mamma both think it very suitable."

"With respect to age?" inquired Mr. Carthen, scornfully.

"Of course, there is a certain disparity that can't be helped; but Lina says she would rather be an old man's darling than a young man's slave."

"She has not had the choice of these two alternatives as her only prospect for the future."

"How do you mean?"

"I mean that she might have been a *young* man's darling, had she so willed."

"Ah, well," answered Lady Clementina, with a dark shadow in her eyes, "Lina likes fine jewels, and all that kind of thing, and of course she will have them, as the Marchioness of Dawford."

"And, perhaps, a broken heart into the bargain!" said Mr. Carthen, with a bitterness he could not suppress.

"We must pray not, poor Lina!" answered her sister, very softly. "But I quite agree with you, that she is entirely wrong in her notions of happiness. Only, what can I do? She will not be persuaded by me."

"I would urge her again, and again, until I made her see the mad folly of her thought that great wealth and high titles must needs satisfy her heart. She is so young to make such a terrible sacrifice as this. I am almost tempted to write to her myself."

"You! Oh, Mr. Carthen!"

"Why not?"

"Nothing would offend her so much; and, moreover, I may as well tell you, that you would certainly make her settle the question definitely on the spot, out of defiance. Now I have induced her to ask for a little delay, and may possibly be able to do something in the meantime."

"I pray fervently that you may, Lady Clementina. It seems too awful to picture that fair young child as the wife of Lord Dawford."

"You are very complimentary to the Marquis!"

Lady Clementina could not help saying this, for it almost maddened her to see how Mr. Carthen still clung to Lina, in spite of everything she had to say. She grew white with the utter despair in her heart; and Mr. Carthen, seeing that she looked so pale and mournful, thought she really grieved for her sister's errors, and felt to like her more than ever he had thought possible before.

"Do sit down," he said gently. "I can see you are tired; and it is really too kind of you to pay me this visit. I only feel that I am quite unworthy of the honor."

"Nay," she said, flushing brightly and dropping her shy eyes on the ground, "I thought you would scold me."

"Scold you, Lady Clementina?"

"I know you have always said that ladies could not be too particular."

"True; but if I had been well, you would not have come. It is almost impossible, therefore, for the world to mistake your motive; and as for me, you know I am no coxcomb. If I had been you would not have done me this honor."

"No, assuredly."

"And I do feel it such a great kindness of you to think of me in my loneliness, that I am almost afraid I should find some excuse for you, if it were ever so improper."

"You mustn't say that."

"Why not?"

"Because that takes all the comfort from your admission just now. If you are influenced by your feelings entirely, I suppose I ought not to trust to your judgment."

"We are all prejudiced more or less, I am afraid, and willing to make great allowances for the faults that benefit us," said Mr. Carthen, with a faint smile. "At any rate, Lady Clementina, you must not walk home."

"Why not?"

"Because it is already dark."

"I am not the least afraid."

"Perhaps not; but I am afraid for you."

"You are very kind; but I mean to slip out as quickly as I can, and get home, if possible, without my absence having been perceived. And in case of accepting an escort from the Hall, my movements would be known everywhere, and all kinds of rumors set afloat. Therefore, you see, it will be wiser for me to be secret. Of course there is no harm in coming to see you when you are so ill; but the world is dreadfully scandalous, and seeks for ill where no ill exists."

"And a lady in your position must needs humor this failing of the world's."

"You have often said so, Mr. Carthen."

"And I say so again, Lady Clementina."

"Then you are shocked with me?"

"Indeed, no. I am exceedingly obliged; and to show you that I speak the truth, I am going to ask you a favor."

Lady Clementina's eyes sparkled with joy.

"I am going to ask you to use your influence with Lord Dacre, to get him to befriend Herbert Benson. He wounded me quite by accident—of that I am assured; and no doubt his sufferings have been worse than mine. I should be thankful if he could be got off."

"Unfortunately, you see, papa is so incensed."

"I know that, and it is but natural; but it would not do to confound the new offenders with the old."

"I will do what I can; still, it seems to me that it would be better to speak to papa yourself."

"So I will, the very first opportunity; but, in the meantime, it would be a great satisfaction to me to know that you were preparing the way."

"I will make every effort, be assured; and now I must be going. Good night."

"Good night."

As he held her hands, he looked at her imploringly, little guessing that beneath the elegant bodice there was a heart of stone; that the lips smiling so sweetly were full of deceit and guile; and, moreover, that they only smiled now because Lady Clementina believed that her sister's doom was sealed, and her evil plans prosperous.

"Will you prevent this marriage?" Mr. Carthen said, in a stifled voice.

"What marriage?"

"Your sister's."

"I beg your pardon, I had really forgotten. I will do my best, I promise you that; but if I do not succeed, you must not blame me. Lina looks soft and yielding to mere casual observers; but when she makes up her mind to a thing, nothing can turn her."

"I forgive everything, tell her—the cruel, cold letter, that well-nigh broke my heart. I will never trouble her with attentions she evidently dislikes; only, at the thought of her whole life sacrificed, I could die with despair. Do implore her to reject the marquis, and remind her that he is a despot, who will make her life a bitter burden to her."

"I will tell her what you say."

"And use every argument you can think of, Lady Clementina. It would be too shocking——"

"Mr. Carthen, after her conduct to you, I cannot see why you should trouble yourself so much about her future."

"I have loved her, more dearly and deeply than she ever will know. This is why I cannot bear to picture her as the Marchioness of Dawford."

"She might be happy under such circumstances. I could not."

"I doubt it; nay, it would be impossible. The old marquis is crabbed and cruel; he would break her heart in less than a year; and how could you bear to see your sister, your only sister, consigned to an early grave?"

"I am afraid I cannot do much with her; she is very determined, and the glitter of the marquis' diamonds has turned her brain."

"She used not to be like that."

"How do you know?" asked Lady Clementina, suddenly.

"Her dress was often too simple for an earl's daughter."

"Because she would spend the best part of her allowance on a jewel that took her fancy, and so be unable to procure what was necessary in the way of clothing. If you remember, she once told you that she had a fancy for diamonds. I have lent her money over and over again, and her promise has always been that she would pay me when she made a rich marriage. Therefore, she has counted upon this as a resource, evidently; and I cannot tell what debts she may have contracted elsewhere, which it is necessary for her to meet."

"Oh, but, Lady Clementina, I should

be so thankful to relieve her from any embarrassment of this kind. It might be managed delicately through you, without her even knowing from whence it came. I do not spend the half of my income, and to be able to help a friend with my superfluity would be a privilege indeed."

"You are so good!" murmured Lady Clementina, in a melting voice. "But, in that case, Lina ought to know. It would be her duty to see that the money was repaid."

"Pray don't mention that."

"Anyhow, I shall tell her of your offer, frankly, and then she can do as she likes about accepting it. I should not wish to take the whole responsibility on myself."

"And when shall I see you again, Lady Clementina?"

"I should be afraid to come here."

"Why?"

"You would learn to despise me."

"If your presence here were a source of anything but grateful satisfaction to me, you may be sure that I would not ask you to repeat your visit. I shall be most anxious to know what Lina says, and you know I cannot go to you."

"True," said Lady Clementina, softly; "only, you must remember, that I might be compromised."

"How should that be?"

"I have no right here. If Wilfred only knew, or my father——"

"My dear Lady Clementina, pray calm yourself. You will steal out as softly as you came in, and no one be the wiser. Besides, if the worst comes to the worst, do you believe that I would allow any woman to be dishonored by her goodness to me?"

"You might not be able to help it."

"There would be always one sure remedy."

"How?"

"Under those circumstances, I should ask you to condescend to accept the shelter of my name."

Mr. Carthen did not admit to himself the probability of being called on to redeem his promise. It was just a possibility, and that was all; and if it so happened that Lady Clementina should compromise her noble name by doing him the service he demanded of her, it would clearly be his duty to make all the atonement in his power. Could he only have seen Lady Clementina's face, he might have doubted the wisdom of his speech.

A wild, crimson flush mounted to the very edge of her black hair, and her eyes shown with burning brightness. She believed that the end she had battled and intrigued for was near, and she did not mean him to escape. She was bold and unscrupulous, and determined to run all risks—to compromise herself wittingly, if need be; but to win the victory over Lina—even if this victory should be death to her sister, and life-long misery to Mr. Carthen.

There are few such women in the world, but only a few, fortunately. The pity is when their power is equal to their terrible will.

Lady Clementina answered in her softest voice, "Oh, but, indeed, I could not accept such a sacrifice, Mr. Carthen! I feel that it would be beyond your strength."

"The sacrifice would be on your side," was the courteous reply. "Lady Clementina Dacre, with her personal advantages and rank in society, has a right to look much higher than anything I could offer."

"There are some women," she answered, in a low, thrilling voice, "who would rather have a poor man whom they loved, than share a king's throne."

"Why, Lady Clementina, you have always appeared to me to set great value upon rank."

"In days gone by, perhaps; but not of late."

"What has brought this change?"

"A great magician," she said, and sighed.

"And this magician's name?"

"I must not tell you my secrets, Mr. Carthen; you will only laugh at me."

"I am not in a laughing humor."

"I hope I have not made you sorrowful, Mr. Carthen."

"You did not bring me good news, certainly; but it was very good of you to let me hear it rather from your lips, than those of a comparative stranger."

"I wished to save you as much pain as I could, and I hoped that you would be wise enough to see that the very fact of Lina's being able to contract such a marriage shows that she is not worthy of such regret as you waste upon her."

"One may see and feel that, and yet suffer all the same."

"Do you think so? It seems to me that although loving a person passionately, I could cast him out of my heart, if I fancied that he was unworthy."

"You are stronger than I."

"Your weakness will pass off."

"I meant in mind, Lady Clementina. A motherless lad as I was, with no one to love nearly and dearly, when I attached myself it was with almost desperate tenacity. It will be a long time, I fear, before I get this love out of my heart."

"If you married——"

"I shall never marry, unless under peculiar circumstances. Then my wife should know everything; I would keep no page of the past out of her sight."

Clementina gave a sigh of evident relief.

"That is well," she said; "and now I must really be going. Good night, once more."

"I may trust you to stand my friend and Lina's?"

"Have I not promised?"

"Pardon me. I had almost forgotten; my head is confused; it is the weakness, perhaps. Good night."

He offered her his cold hand, and she glided away from him like a ghost. He heard the door close softly; he also heard her step passing the window, and then he was alone with his sorrow, his deep love, and his terrible weakness.

CHAPTER XXX.

FOR DEAR LIFE.

Old Mark and his son fully believed that when Herbert made them escape he was doing his best to follow them. The former looked upon Herbert's threat that he would try and be caught, as a mere idle boast—which one gleam of real danger would scatter to the winds. Still he kept saying, anxiously, to his son, "Nat, where's Master Herbert?"

"He's all right, father."

"Ah! but where?"

"He took the other direction; it was nearest to his house. He'll come out at the broken stile, close to his own door."

"I wonder what made him fire?"

"Just to frighten the keepers, and take attention off us, I make no doubt."

"Perhaps it was the keepers firing on him, after all, Nat."

"Nonsense! father, you know Mr. Carthen wouldn't allow that. Besides, he was always particular partial to Master Herbert. Even if he was to catch him, which you may depend he hasn't, he'd let him off directly.

"Only, there's a good deal of bad feeling against us just now."

"I don't know why; for I am sure we haven't done much harm lately."

"We've tried our best."

"Then our best was rather poor. We shall have to look up our luck a little now, unless we want to starve."

"You'd better ask Mr. Carthen to turn off Lane, and take you instead," said old Mark, with a sneer.

"I'm afraid that wouldn't be any go. Father, you wait and listen a moment; it seems very quiet in the wood."

Both men came to a sudden halt. Finding they were not pursued, they had been taking the last part of the way at a pace that suited old Mark, whose breath was rather short. The Point was within a few hundred yards of their cottage, and they could see it plainly as they stepped out of the wood and were crossing to their own door. Suddenly a light appeared upon it.

"What is that?" inquired Nat, in a scared tone.

"May be it's a jack-o-lantern," answered old Mark, fighting with his own fears. "I have heard of such things occasioned in the marshes."

"But there's no marsh there, father."

"No."

"It's odd what it can be."

"Let's go indoors, and think no more about it," said old Mark, gravely. "I dare say it's something we've no right to look into."

Nat stood irresolute.

"I tell you what, father," he said, in a low, frightened voice; "things have never seemed exactly right since Flax died. That was a bad job altogether, you may depend, and it will be a pretty time before it all comes right. For my part, I've never felt the same since it happened. I've always had the feeling of something evil hanging over me, and my dreams at night have been as bitter as poison."

Old Mark shuddered.

"I've been troubled with the same thing myself; but it's all from being so disturbed in our rest, you may depend. Besides, I don't see why we should trouble our heads about that affair; it has got nothing to do with us."

"But I feel as if it had somehow."

"Come, Nat, it is you who are foolish now," said old Mark, wiping the huge drops of cold perspiration off his forehead. "They can't hang a man for what he didn't do."

"The law has a way of making such things easy, father. They can prove you are guilty, if you are ever so innocent."

"Then the law is a dangerous thing to meddle with," said old Mark, his fascinated glance still on the wavering light over Lansdown Point.

"Nat, it moves!"

"So it does."

"I wonder what it can be? Look!"

The last word was uttered in a tone of concentrated fright and bewilderment no expression of ours could hope to convey.

The light had been stationary hitherto; now it rose suddenly, and seemed to dance, and waver, and flicker, just on the very spot which Nat knew to be poor Flax's grave.

A convulsive shudder shook his whole frame.

"It's queer it should stop just there, father."

"It's only a jack-o-lantern, I'll wager," said old Mark, with a confidence he did not feel. "Don't trouble no more about it, Nat."

"I couldn't rest if I wasn't to see the end of it."

"There it is, then."

At this moment the light gave one spring, as it were, and died out into darkness in mid-air. The two men went indoors, with hushed breath.

"You are right," said old Mark, as he took off his heavy boots, and hid them away, in case the keepers should pay them a visit; "things haven't gone right with us of late. I've been a poacher off and on for more than forty years now, and I was never troubled with any of these strange sights until lately. It's poor Flax's business as has done it. I always thought that was an evil day for us when we first got acquainted with Joe Lay."

"I liked him at first."

"I know you did, Nat, but you soon found him out."

"That murder opened my eyes."

"And yet, you make excuses for him."

"I didn't know he meant it, father; I thought it was just an accident, such as might have happened to any one else; and so he was to be pitied, and not blamed. If I had had any other feeling about it, you may depend I wouldn't have had anything to say to him afterwards."

"No, Nat, that you wouldn't."

"Father!" said Nat, after a pause.

"Well, lad?"

"What would you like for your supper?"

"Whatever there is," replied old Mark, with a grim smile. "I don't suppose there's much choice."

"Will bread and cheese do?"

"It must, for to-night."

"I'll make you a pie, father, when we get some game."

"Ah, *when!*"

Old Mark relapsed into moody silence, and began to fill his pipe.

"Ought you to smoke?" inquired Nat, apprehensively.

"Why not?"

"I meant if the keepers will to come."

"We should have seen some sign of them before this if they'd been after us. I never knowed them so long hunting us up."

"Only that they are pretty well sure to pay us a visit before they go home. They always take care to look us up."

"They won't to-night, though, I fancy; and if they do, I don't feel as if I'd the heart to hide any thing from them. Let them come if they are coming, Nat. There won't be much glory in taking an old man like me; and, supposing I die in prison, why, there will be a weight off your shoulders, and you can go and accept Mr. Carthen's offer."

"Nay, father; but it would seem terrible lonesome without you."

"You'd get a wife."

"I won't marry all the while you're alive, father; but, if you was dead, and I couldn't be no more use to you, I'd have Mary Flax, if she would have me."

"Mary Flax!"

"Ah! I've been thinking of it, and it seems to me it's my duty, having seen the wrong done, to try and make up for it."

"She's a steady, industrious young woman, and you might do worse."

"It isn't that, but there's the little ones, father; and only her weak hands to work for all."

The young man said this so gently and compassionately, that his father looked at him with surprise, as if he had just developed a new and unsuspected phase of character.

"I never knew you was partial to Mary Flax, Nat."

"I don't know that I am, myself. But it almost seems as if I had helped kill her bread winner, since I saw the deed done and kept silent; so it came into my head the other day that it was my place to provide for the children."

Old Mark could not answer such a sentiment as the one his son last uttered, so he held his peace; and the two men ate their scant meal in silence.

"How much have you got in the purse?" inquired old Mark, presently.

Nat took it out of his pocket, and counted on the table three shillings in small silver coin, and a few pence.

"Is that all?"

"Yes, father, that is all."

"What are we to do when it is gone?"

"I must try and find work."

"I am afraid no one will employ you."

"Perhaps Mr. Lowe would, if I could get Miss Milly to speak for me."

"There isn't a harder man in all the parish than Squire Lowe, as he calls himself now. I can remember him when he was glad enough to earn a shilling himself."

"Still he might do it for Miss Milly."

"You might try, but I haven't much hopes."

"Come, father; you know Miss Milly is a lady in her manners, and looks, and so forth," said Nat, who was Milly's enthusiastic admirer.

"So she is, Nat, for she was very good to you when you was ill with fever, and means well I do believe; but Mr. Lowe is very set where he takes a notion into his head; and I don't believe all his daughter's talking will make him take you into work again."

"May be not," answered Nat, rather gloomily; "but I'll try." And then, after a short pause, he said:

"Everything seems quiet enough, father; supposing you go to bed?"

But the words were scarcely out of his lips before he heard a hand on the lock.

"Hurry into bed, father," whispered Nat, softly, "and I'll hide the things."

He stuffed their boots and other things that might have betrayed them, into the mattress, as before; flung off his clothes and laid down on the top of them, listening breathlessly.

The lock was tried again, but not violently.

Nat pretended to rouse then, and growled out in a sleepy voice, "Who the deuce is there?"

"It's me."

"Who's me—disturbing honest folks?"

"Joe Lay."

"Then stop where you are."

"You'd better let me in; I've got news for you."

"News of what?"

"I'll tell you when I get inside; I'm most dead with fright and cold."

"Shall I get up, father?" whispered Nat.

"You'd better."

Nat rose, then, and unbolted the door, relighting the candle he had only just extinguished.

Joe stumbled over the threshold into the room, with tottering legs, and eyes distended with fear. He sank into a seat, breathless.

"Well, what's up now?" inquired Nat, disdainfully. "I know you was a traitor, Joe Lay, but I didn't know you was such a coward as all that."

Joe wiped the cold dew off his forehead with his coat sleeve, and then he spoke:

"I ain't afraid of what's natural," he said, "no more than you are, Nat; but when it comes to all kinds of queer things, nobody can understand, then I give in. What should you say," he added, giving each word slowly and distinct from the other, "to a light—over—Flax's grave!"

"I tell you what I should say!" answered Mark, with defiance, as if he were arming himself against a conviction that was stealing over him. "I should say it was a jack-o-lantern, and nothing would persuade me contrariwise."

"But, supposing it was larger, and redder, and moved different, Master Greysome?"

"I should say, then, it wasn't meant for me to meddle with, and I should turn my head and go indoors."

"You didn't see it, too?"

"Yes, I did."

"It didn't strike you it was Flax's spirit, did it, Master Greysome?"

"Don't Master Greysome me!" exclaimed old Mark, tartly. "Old Mark's my name, and it's as good as any other. When folks are so over-civil, I always think they mean harm."

"But what should you say about the spirit?" persisted Joe, evidently too anxious to be angry.

Old Mark looked up fiercely. "I tell you what I should say! When honest folks get murderers among them, they may very like have the devil, too; that's what I should say, and, moreover, that's what I mean!"

"Don't be so sharp," whined Joe; "it was all an accident, you know."

"An accident done on purpose."

"Nay; that's because you want to be hard on me. I'll bet you don't say that of Master Herbert, now."

Joe looked up in sly menace, and just the shadow of a smile crossed his craven lips.

"Master Herbert hasn't had no accidents?"

"Well, I don't know, you'd call it murder, I expect."

"Now look here, Joe," said Nat, fiercely, "none of your humbug! Say what you've got to say, and have done with it!"

"Well, then, what I've got to say is, that Master Herbert, as you call him, has killed Mr. Carthen!"

"Killed Mr. Carthen!" Both his listeners repeated the words after him mechanically.

"Ay, just as I killed Flax!"

"How do you know?"

"I heard it all."

"Where were you then?"

"I was doing a little poaching on my own account, close by."

Joe's shame-faced manner betrayed his secret.

"You mean you was playing the spy again!" said Nat.

"I hadn't no call to. They was after you without."

Nat sprang at his throat, and grasping him tightly, shook the craven wretch until he gasped for breath.

"Now, look here!" he hissed. "If I catch you at that work again, Joe Lay, I'll take care you're something the worse for it before I let you go. You shan't go about telling on others, and keeping clear yourself, not if I turn informer, and let the world know where Flax is gone, and what sent him there."

Joe's eyes just glanced up under his sullen, over-hanging brows, and gave Nat a look of deadly hatred and malice, and then dropped again into the shadow.

"You helped!" he said.

"I helped put him away, because I thought it was just an accident then, and I didn't want you to get into trouble. But I know better now."

"What do you mean?"

"I've been thinking it over in my own mind, and I see that if it had been an accident, you wouldn't have turned round and took him, deliberate like, *as I saw you do*—deny it if you can!"

"I was obliged to take care of myself, and Flax had hold of me behind."

"Then instead of facing about in order to shoot him, why didn't you face about and meet him in fair fight, like a man, eh? You'd have both had your chance equal then, and if you could have knocked him down, and got off, no one would have blamed you much. But to shoot a man down in that fashion, when he wasn't suspecting any harm, is what I call the trick of a coward and a scamp."

"Have a care!" said Joe, hoarsely.

"If you'd got a weapon about you," was the contemptuous reply, "or I was a woman, who you could knock about as you liked, I might be frightened; but there isn't much fear of you using your fists; and if you did, I think I could master you."

"Hold your peace, Nat," said his father; "can't you see I want to know a little more about Master Herbert? Has he got off, Joe?"

"He's got off to prison, if that is what you mean," replied Joe, brutally; and he sank back in his chair, still panting from the force of Nat's assault.

"By heavens!" exclaimed the old man; and then he added in a low, concentrated voice: "Then there will be a gallows at Dawford, as my dream told me; only it won't be Nat—it won't be Nat!"

"Father!"

"Well, lad."

"You've got to that subject again."

"It was just a dream, Nat; but it troubles me, somehow, and I can't get it out of my head. I'd have cut off my right hand if this hadn't happened to-night. Mr. Benson's like me—he has only got one, and to lose him in that way is enough to break a man's heart."

"He'll get over it," said Joe.

"That's as you think," answered Nat, his young eyes burning with rage and contempt. "And now you've told your news, supposing you was to get out!"

"Steady, lad—steady!" said old Mark, who saw an expression in the other's eyes that rather frightened him. "Perhaps Joe doesn't fancy passing the Point again whilst it's dark."

"It isn't dark now; and if it was he should go out of here. We haven't got so low that we can bear his company."

Joe lifted himself slowly and heavily from his seat, and passed the brave lad with his eyes downcast but the gleam of such a cruel smile on his lips that old Mark shuddered.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE FLOWER'S MISSION.

BY F. A. N.

"Please," said a wistful voice, "give me a flower. Tom is so fond of flowers."

Ellen Stanley was on her way to a friend's, with a bouquet of choice flowers. She stopped at this appeal, and looking down, saw a little, poorly-clad girl, about twelve years old.

"And who is Tom?" asked Ellen, touched by the appeal.

"My little brother. He fell and hurt his back, and now he can't move himself; the doctor says he'll never get well; and he does wish for flowers so."

Ellen hesitated for a moment, but only for a moment. To take a single flower from her bouquet would spoil it, so perfectly had it been arranged; and it was for a friend, moreover, who was about to be married. But the pleading face of the child, and the thought of the sick brother, were more than she could bear. She selected the finest flower in the bouquet, a large, white lily, and gave it to the child.

"There!" she said, "put it in water, and it will keep ever so long. And here," she added, as the girl, with grateful looks, turned to run away, "is something to buy a few cakes for your brother. Where do you live?"

The child told her, adding, "Oh! won't Tom be glad!" and then disappeared.

It was not long before the little thing reached her home. It was a close, hot room, at the top of the house, looking into a dirty enclosure behind.

"Is that you, Lizzie?" asked a weak voice. "I'm so glad."

The speaker was lying on a straw mattress on the floor, and he looked up, smiling, into his sister's face.

"See here, Tom," said the sister, producing the cakes. "These are the very kind you like. But that's not all," she added, triumphantly producing the lily. "Just look at this!"

Tom's eyes fairly glistened with delight. In his eagerness he half rose in bed, exclaiming, "Oh! what a beauty! Where did you get it?" But the exertion was too much for him, and almost as soon as he had grasped the bud, he fell back on his bed.

"How pure it looks!" he added, weakly, after a pause; "it makes me think of the angels. You good, good Lizzie!"

"See, I'll put it in a bottle," said Lizzie, "with some water, and it shall stand on the floor close by you. It will last ever so long, now. But why don't you eat your cake?"

Tom shut his eyes. "I can't, Lizzie," he said. "I ain't hungry. You must eat it yourself. I will lie and look at the flower."

Lizzie was frightened. Tom must be very bad, she knew, if he could not eat cakes.

"Eat a little bit, dear," she begged. "It will make you feel better."

"I don't think I shall ever be better," answered Tom.

The tears rolled down the sister's face. "Don't talk so, Tom," she sobbed. "You shan't go. I can't live without you. Who will there be to care for me?"

"I've been thinking," said Tom, gravely—"I think a great deal lying here—that when I'm gone, father will be different. You know"—and here he dropped his voice, and looked carefully around, as if to see lest any one should be listening—"you know that father drinks; and that's why he comes home so late, and says he can't afford to send you to school; and why he is so cross, and why, sometimes, he beats you——"

"Don't speak of it, dear," sobbed the sister. "I wouldn't mind, if it wasn't for you."

"But I do mind it, Lizzy; and it breaks my heart to lie here and see it. But sometimes I think, when I die, father will be different. He says he loves me, and it may make him good, you see."

But the sister was not to be comforted. Tom was all the world to her. To lose him was to lose everything.

The day wore on. Night came. Tom lay, looking at the lily, and no one knows how many sweet thoughts it suggested to him. Now and then, his sister stopped in her work, and came to see if he wanted anything. He always thanked her with a sweet smile.

"Father is late, to-night," he said, at last, when the darkness came; and he sighed.

"He will be here soon," said Lizzie, uttering words of hope, in which she hardly believed herself. "Try to sleep a little, dear."

So Tom, at last, fell off into a doze. Ten o'clock came, and yet no father. Worn out with fatigue and anxiety, Lizzie crept into bed by her brother's side, and sank to sleep also.

It was nearly midnight when the father came in. The noise woke Tom up. He half arose on his elbow, and looked around. At that moment, the moon emerged from a cloud, and its light, falling through the window, lit up the sick boy's face with a glory as of a seraph's.

The father started back, sobered at once. It seemed to him as if a halo, direct from heaven, encircled his child's head.

"Father," said Tom, "come here, please."

The man went softly to his son's bedside, sank on his knees, and took the lad's wan hand tenderly in his own. He was awed.

"Be kind to Lizzie," said Tom, wistfully, looking into his father's face. "She won't have any one but you when I am dead, father. Let her go to school again, please; she is so fond of school——"

"Oh! my son, my son!" interrupted the now penitent father, bursting into sobs. "You will get well yet——"

"I shall never get well," said Tom. "But don't cry, father. I shall see mother, you know. And by-and-by," and a strange look came on his face, a look of joy and faith inexpressible, "by-and-by we shall all meet again, shan't we? Kiss me, please, and then go to bed, or we shall wake sister."

The father, choking back his sobs, kissed the boy. "I promise to be kind to Lizzy," he whispered. "She shall go to school. I will never drink another drop. As heaven is my witness," he added, solemnly, "I never will!"

Tom took his little, thin arms from around his father's neck, where he had put them for that last kiss, and then sank back on his pillow exhausted.

"How sweet the flower looks in the moonlight!" thought Tom. "What a happy boy I am to have it! And to have father promise to be better," he went on, "and to say he'll love Lizzie, and that he'll send her to school——" And then he forget himself in sleep.

The night passed. Morning dawned. Lizzie woke before the sun rose. Her first thought was of Tom.

"I've slept all night," she said, reproachfully, "and I didn't mean to sleep five minutes. I wonder if Tom wanted me in the night. He must be better, or he'd have called."

He *was* better. As she leaned over to look at him, Lizzie was startled by the strange, yet beautiful look on his face, a look of divine joy, as when a martyr has passed through fire into everlasting rest. He would never suffer more.

The lily had done its work. It had sweetened the last hours of the suffering boy, suggesting pure and beautiful thoughts; and when Ellen Stanley called, early in the morning, to see Lizzie, she found it lying on the breast of the dead child, clasped in his two thin, waxen hands; and she thought of the lilies of Paradise, and of the saints who held them.

A good work had been done, also. The last words of Tom were never forgotten by his father, who, from that night, became a reformed man. Lizzie went to school, and, more than that, never again heard a harsh word at home.

Ellen and Lizzie became great friends. The former, from her superior position, was able to do much for the latter. It was not chance, rely on it, that made Ellen give away, and at some sacrifice at the time, that lily. "As ye show, so shall ye reap.

AN AIDE-DE-SCAMP.

An amusing anecdote is told of a well-known French general, who played a conspicuous part in a cavalry charge. This gallant warrior had been severely wounded on that occasion, having received a sabre cut on his head and a bullet in his thigh. Such an allowance might have satisfied a man of quiet tastes, but was far from sufficient for the fire-eating general. In relating the charge, which he did at every dinner party, he was in the habit of throwing in half a dozen bayonet thrusts and a couple of stray splinters from a shell, and he invariably appealed for corroboration of his narrative to an aid-de-camp who had ridden by his side. On one occasion, having imbibed more than his usual allowance of '47 Chateau Yquem, he drew a more than usually startling picture of his riddled and perforated condition. A cannon ball had killed his horse, a dozen sabres had descended at once on his head, a couple of lances had passed through each of his arms, and all the bullets and bayonets of Germany seemed to have given each other a rendezvous in his body! "You remember it well, don't you?" he added, turning to his aid-de-camp. The well-trained subaltern had suffered long in silence. The bayonets, bullets, lances, etc., he had got used to by long practice, but the cannon ball was the last straw that broke the camel's back. "No, general, I don't remember it. How could you expect me to? You know as well as I do that the very cannon ball that killed your horse struck the breastplate of a cuirassier behind us, and then bounded back and took my head off?"

RECEIPTS
GENERAL AND DOMESTIC

POTATO STARCH.—Grate the potatoes, after paring them, into a large pan of cold water. Stir it up for a few moments, then let it settle; pour off all the water, spread on a platter, and dry in a cool oven. In regions where starch mills abound, it is easier to buy the starch of the producer than to make so small a quantity. It is delicious for puddings, and is the best possible thickening for soups.

TO IMPROVE THE VOICE.—Beeswax, two drachms; copaiba balsam, three drachms; powder of licorice-root, four drachms. Melt the copaiba balsam with the wax in a new earthen pipkin; when melted, remove them from the fire, and while in a melted state, mix in the powder. Make pills of three grains each. Two of these pills to be taken occasionally, three or four times a day. This is an excellent remedy for clearing and strengthening the voice, and is used by most professional singers on the Continent.

RENOVATING BLACK KIDS.—Ink and sweet oil mixed, two parts of ink to one part of sweet oil, will make a nice glossy blacking for glove kid boots. Prepare a bottle of it, and attach a small sponge to the cork, as is done in "liquid blacking." The same varnish touched on very gently to the white tips and seams of worn black kid gloves, will make a pair quite respectable for either traveling or shopping. All these little economies are desirable in many households. It is the little expenditures which drain the family purse. Little things in the aggregate amount to far more than one can imagine, unless a close account is kept of expenses.

BORAX FOR COLDS.—A writer in the *Medical Record* cites a number of cases in which borax has proved a most effective remedy in certain forms of colds. He states that in sudden hoarseness, or loss of voice in public speakers or singers from colds, relief for an hour or so, as by magic, may be often obtained by slowly dissolving and partially swallowing a lump of borax, the size of a garden pea, or about three or four grains held in the mouth for ten minutes before speaking or singing. This produces a profuse secretion of saliva, or "watering" of the mouth and throat, probably restoring the voice or tone to the dried vocal cords, just as the wetting brings back the missing note to a flute when it is dry.

HOW TO MAKE CIDER LIKE CHAMPAGNE.—Take some late apples, well ripe; press them into cider; boil it in a copper kettle for about ten minutes; skim it well while it boils; then barrel it like common cider, keeping the barrel full. At the end of the winter, before the second fermentation has begun, get enough strong bottles, as strong as possible, large or small—old porter bottles will do as well as any—and bottle all your cider, leaving a small space between the cider and the cork—in a long-necked bottle, at least two and a half or three inches; tie a good string over the cork, and lay them down on a shelf in a cool cellar. Cider treated in this way, will make a splendid drink in the course of the summer, sparkling like champagne wine. We don't know how long it will keep, as we always got through our supply in the course of the year.

THE REVIEWER
NEW PUBLICATIONS.

FROM CLAXTON, REMSEN & HAFFELFINGER, Philadelphia: "Opening of a Chestnut Burr," by Rev. E. P. Roe, author of "Barriers Burned Down," "What Can She Do?" "Play and Profit in my Garden," etc. This is a remarkably well written tale, deeply interesting without being sensational, and, without any attempt at sermonizing, inculcates the moral of faith and hope. Published by Dodd & Mead, New York.

FROM T. B. PETERSON & BRO., Philadelphia: "Five Thousand a Year," and "Martyn Ware's Temptation;" both of them new works from the pen of the author of "East Lynne." As in most of her novels, there is in these an increase of interest that fairly enchains the reader from the first page to the last.

FROM WHITE & GOULLAUD, Boston, Mass: A new song entitled, "Bring Back Our Darling; or, The Stolen Child." Words by Dexter Smith. Music by W. H. Brockway. We expect it will become very popular.

FROM HENRY L. SHEPARD & Co., Boston, Mass: "American Homes," for October, 1874. A high toned, yet popular periodical, with a very attractive table of contents.

OFTEN the letters in which the loved name stands on our spirit appear, like phosphorous writing, by night in fire, while by day in their cloudy traces they only smoke.

1776. 1876.

INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

OFFICE OF THE U. S. CENTENNIAL COMMISSION, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

In accordance with the several Acts of the Congress of the United States, providing for the celebration of the

CENTENNIAL ANNIVERSARY

of American Independence, there will be held in FAIRMOUNT PARK, Philadelphia, in the year 1876, an

INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION

of Arts, Manufactures, and Products of the Soil and Mine.

The Exhibition will be opened on the 19th of April and closed on the 19th of October.

APPLICATIONS FOR SPACE.

To secure space for exhibits in the Buildings or the Park early application should be made. The necessary forms for application, together with the Regulations for Exhibitors and needed information, will be forwarded on application to the office of the Centennial Commission.

A. T. GOSHORN, Director General.

J. L. CAMPBELL, Secretary.

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LEGENDS OF THE RHINE.

We direct attention to the sketch, entitled as above, the first of a series, legendary, picturesque and historical, of this beauteous stream, every portion of which has its own peculiar attractions. The Rhine possesses an endless variety of mystery, poetry and romantic lore, with which these sketches will make our readers pleasantly familiar. From the days of the Romans to the time of Charlemagne, through the romance of the Crusaders, and the stormy periods of the middle ages, until Napoleon the First rose to startle Europe, the Rhine has been an historical river. To its geographical importance is added the potent charm of natural beauty; the accumulated associations of ages have invested it with a degree of interest, which others may claim or envy, but may never expect to enjoy. We shall have occasion, in the Legends of the Rhine, to discourse of brave knights and fair ladies, of its ancient warriors, mischievous demons, cunning gnomes, and graceful mermaidens—"bright forms that lure but to distroy."

ALL-HALLOWE'EN.

There is, perhaps, no night in the year which the popular imagination has stamped with a more particular character than the evening of the 31st of October. The leading idea among the inhabitants of the lands of Shakspeare, Moore and Burns respecting this festival is, that it is the time of all others when supernatural influences prevail. It is the night set apart by superstition for a universal walking abroad of spirits, both of the visible and invisible world. Divination is then believed to attain its highest power; and the gift asserted by Glendower, of calling spirits "from the vasty deep," becomes available to all who choose to make use of the privileges of the time.

There is a remarkable uniformity in the fireside customs of this night. Formerly nuts and apples were everywhere in requisition, and consumed in immense numbers. From this fact the name of "Nutcrack Night," has often been applied, especially by the people of the north of England.

It is the custom in Ireland, when the young women would know if their lovers are faithful, to put three nuts upon the bars of the grate, naming them after the lovers. If a nut cracks or jumps, the lover will prove unfaithful; if it begins to blaze or burn, he has a regard for the person making the trial; if the nuts named after the girl and her lover burn together, they will be married.

But the grand sport of Hallowe'en is the "ducking." A number of apples are placed in a tub of water, and the juveniles—the use of their hands restricted—take turns in diving therefor, catching them with their teeth. Great fun goes on in watching the attempts of the youngster in the pursuit of the swimming fruit, which wriggles from side to side, and evades all attempts to capture it, whilst the disappointed aspirant is obliged to abandon the job in favor of another whose turn has arrived. Some of the competitors deftly suck the apple, if small, into their mouths. Others plunge manfully overhead in pursuit of a particular one, and forcing it to the bottom, seize it with their teeth, and emerge dripping and triumphant with their prize.

In Scotland there exists a custom which generally opens the night's amusement, called "pulling the kail stocks" (cabbage). The young people go out hand-in-hand, blindfolded, into the garden, and each pulls the first stalk met with. They then return to the fireside to inspect their prizes. According as the stalk is big or little, straight or crooked, so shall the future wife or husband be of the party by whom it is pulled. The quantity of earth sticking to the root denotes the amount of fortune or dowry; and the taste of the *pith*, indicates the temper. Finally, the stalks are placed, one after the other, over the door, and the Christian names of the persons who chance thereafter to enter the house, are held in the same succession to indicate those of the individuals whom the parties are to marry.

In another column the sketch, "Indian Meal Balls," illustrates, very pleasingly and feelingly, one of the very many merry superstitions which cluster about "All-Hallowe'en."

We talk of the extravagance of modern ladies; Herodotus says that the revenues of Anthylla, in Egypt, a city of considerable magnitude, were always given to the wife of the governor for her expenses in shoes.

DAY-DREAMS.

BY J. P. L.

Call them not vain and false day-dreams we see
With spirit-vision of our quicker youth;
Thoughts wiser in the world's esteem may be
Less near the truth.

When against some hard creed of life we raise
Our single cry for what more pure we deem,
'Tis oft the working out in later days
Of some old dream.

Dream of a world more pure than that we find!
Sad is the wak'ning, but not dull despair,
While we can feel that we may leave behind
One bright ray there.

Let us work up then to our young ideal,
Nor weep the present nor regret the past,
Till the soul, struggling 'twixt earth's false and real,
Reach Heaven at last.

"INDIAN MEAL BALLS."

AN ALL-HALLOWE'EN STORY.

BY G. DE B.

"And it *always* comes true!"

Three pairs of eyes opened very wide, and three pairs of lips uttered, simultaneously, a low, intense "Ah," as the earnest speaker finished her narration with this very decided assertion.

"And we'll try it to-night," continued the speaker.

The eyes sparkled lighter, and the lips made little scarlet lines of smiles, breaking out together in a trio of merry laughing "yes! yes! yes!"

It was "All-Hallowe'en," and down in Myra Morton's aunt's old-fashioned kitchen that this company was going on, for, take a quartette of seventeen-year old girls, and what can one expect but plotting of some sort?

"Aunt Sue," as all the girls called her, was "an old maid," people said, and some added a "disappointed one," and hinted at a lover who married "another;" but, if she was an old maid in years, she was a girl still at heart, and was never happier than when surrounded by her girl friends.

This "All-Hallowe'en," she had told her little niece Myra to bring her school friends, Nell Bird, Kitty Lyle and Grace Trafton, out to the old-fashioned homestead where Aunt Sue lived all alone, and she would let them "try their fortunes" for a husband—just as she used to do when she was a girl.

The invitation was warmly received, and now there they all were. They had melted lead, dipped for apples, popped nuts, and done most of the rest of the time-honored customs, when little Myra proposed as the last, and the "surest, truest trick," "Indian meal balls."

Aunt Sue smiled when Myra assured the girls "it *always* come true," but assented to their trying the test.

"It's just the easiest thing in the world to do," explained Myra, rolling up her sleeves. "Some yellow Indian meal, please, Sarah," to the colored girl, whose white teeth showed with smiles at being of service. "It must be *yellow* Indian meal, or it will fail to come true, you know. Now I just mix it up very lightly with water, this way, into three little balls apiece for each of us; now each of you girls write the names of the three you love the best on those tiny slips of paper, and let me put one in each ball. That's it. Now, Nell Bird, these are your balls; take them in your left hand, nearest your heart, and drop them, all at *one instant*, into that pail of clear water, and, if one of those papers don't pop up in five minutes, you are doomed to be an old maid! Here are yours, Kit. Grace, these belong to you, and mine are here. Auntie, come, you try, too," and Myra left a floury caress on Aunt Sue's cheek.

Auntie sighed a little as she answered gravely, shaking her head, "I tried it once, dear, years ago."

"And did it come true?" asked Nell Bird, earnestly, pausing with her fate still in her hand.

"It hasn't yet; but it will some day, perhaps," and although Aunt Sue smiled now there was a tremulous sound in her voice.

The balls dropped into the water. A breathless hush, and then, like a little fairy, a white folded paper silently popped up to the surface.

"Is it him?" cried the girls, and the blush that bloomed on Nell's cheek answered that it was.

Kitty and Grace were as satisfactorily rewarded, but the laugh was against Myra when her paper only appeared at the last allowable second of time.

"But it's just the one I wanted, if he is late, and it's sure to come true. Better late than never, isn't it, auntie?"

But Aunt Sue was gone. "A strange gentleman had called," Sarah said, and she had gone upstairs while they were trying the trick. She didn't know who he was. "Miss Susan 'peared mighty surprised to see him, and he acted awful glad."

Presently Aunt Susan appeared, leaning upon the arm of an elderly gentleman in uniform.

"My lover came at the last minute, auntie, but I say 'better late than never,' and it's always true, isn't it?"

Myra did not see her aunt's strange companion until her words were out, and Aunt Sue laughed at her discomfited look as she answered her:

"Yes, dear, better late than never, and always true. I can prove it to you now. Years ago this gentleman's name came up for me in my trial with Indian meal balls, and although many things conspired to drift us apart, yet it has come true at last—late, not *never*—is it not so, Edmund?" and Aunt Sue looked up with a smile in her old lover's face.

"It has, indeed," answered the gentleman, with a loving look, and he continued, "Young ladies, although I have been for years in military service, know all about cannon balls, rifle balls and Minie balls, I firmly believe there is nothing more effective or 'truer' than—Indian meal balls!"

Then he kissed the girls all round and asked them to congratulate him upon winning at last the only woman he ever loved, and whispered to Myra he was to be her uncle in a very short time.

"And girls," said Myra, solemnly, when they had talked it all over in bed that night, "I'm sure it's all owing to the sure-certain-trueness of Indian meal balls!"

Look not mournfully into the past; it comes not back again. Wisely improve the present; it is thine. Go forth to meet the shadowy future without fear, and with a manly heart.

Friendship is a sacred enclosure in life where the bravest and best souls meet together to repine upon, yet defy, the common lot.

STUDIES FROM MY WINDOW.

BY H. WATSON FLEMING.

No. 4.—DOCTOR FLINT.

Dr. Flint, who resides quite near me, was not an unkind man, as his name perhaps implies. He had a sense of dignity, it is true. He always dressed in the soberest black, never looked to the right nor the left, wore gold spectacles and black kid gloves. He might have been mistaken for the President—in Washington—or for an undertaker, at another place where he was equally unknown.

Dr. Flint never passed for a generous man, but I know of many gratis patients on his list, and of many a dollar, or dollar's worth, secretly distributed, and one day I overheard a little interview between the physician and a newsboy, one of those curly-headed youngsters who make Mr. Macpherson's steps the scene of their labor and amusement both, and rise from a game with jackstones to sell you the latest edition of the very latest news.

There had been no jackstones for this curly-headed waif this afternoon, however, and very few sales indeed. He seemed downcast and sorrowful, and when Dr. Flint passed by he crossed to him respectfully and doffed his little cap.

"No, my boy," said the doctor, quietly; "no paper, I think, to-day."

"I don't want to sell you a paper, sir," said the boy, humbly, hesitating whether to proceed or not.

"Indeed; what is it, then?"

"My sister, sir; I wanted to speak to you about. She is sick, sir; perhaps dying."

"And you want me to call and see her, do you, my poor boy? What ails her? Can I do her any good?"

"Indeed, I hope so, if you will only come," the lad replied, more hopefully. "I do not know what ails her, unless it is poverty and want."

"Dear me!" said the worthy Dr. Flint, adjusting his spectacles and looking sharply at the boy.

"You see, sir, she has been sick this long time, and I have done very little. Will you come, sir? Did you say you would?"

"I did not say I would, but I will. Where do you live?"

The boy gave him the address.

"What is your name?"

The boy hesitated.

"Will you ask for Florence Dale, if you please, sir," he said.

"Umph!" said the doctor, seriously. "I am to *ask* for Miss Dale, eh? by which you mean to tell me that that is not her proper name, nor yours, but the name under which you are known, you young vagabond."

"No, sir; indeed I am not so bad as that. If you only knew——"

"If I knew what, you curly-headed impostor? Your other aliases, I suppose? But there, there, while I am asking you questions your sister may be dying. I'll help her to life, if I can. For her own sake, mind—not because you asked me—though I suppose if she lives it will be helping you and a punishment to her. There, be off with you; I'll go."

He kept his word, counting off his other appointments on the tips of his black gloves as he passed. "Miss Jones—complaint, riches; lives on luxuries which she could well spare for this poor girl. Mr. Brown—trouble, worry, rash speculations, headache and indigestion. Swift, the traveler; Tompkins, the editor—pshaw! they can wait, or send for somebody else. Business before pleasure, generally," he muttered; "but I say pleasure before business sometimes—when that pleasure is another poor mortal's need."

The neighborhood to which Dr. Flint had good-naturedly wended his way was not a highly respectable one—anything but that! It consisted of a row of tumble-down houses, the entrances to which were neither decent nor inviting. Women lounged upon the broken steps, and talked such scandal as came to them there, much as their more fortunate neighbors tattle theirs, with this difference, sometimes: genteel scandal leads to expensive suits, while these women sometimes excitedly tear such ragged *suits* as they possess in the frenzy of argument and dispute.

Dr. Flint thought it best to pass inside, and ask his questions on the way upstairs. Once directed to the room of Florence Dale, he went thither and tapped at the chamber door.

Quick as he had been, the boy was before him in his errand of mercy, and admitted him.

His patient was indeed sick, not with bodily or mental disease or suffering, beyond such as are produced by long privation. The doctor gave her gentle stimulants, and left her in charge of the garrulous landlady, bidding her brother to accompany him.

To his residence they went, the doctor frowning heavily, the boy timid and afraid. The doctor gave sundry orders to his housekeeper, and, still attended by the boy, passed into his private room.

"Now," said Dr. Flint, "the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

"Indeed, sir, I wouldn't deceive you for the world."

"*That* premium is not offered," said the doctor, curtly.

"No, sir," said the boy, "but——"

"This will never do; my time is precious. Now tell me what is your name; your proper name, I mean."

"Cyril Kyrle."

"And your sister's?"

"Florence Kyrle."

"Why did you change it?" said the doctor, sharply.

"Well, sir, when father died, and left us so very poor and helpless, sir, my sister began to study for the stage——"

"What for?"

"For a living, sir, she said."

"Umph!" said the doctor, shortly. "About the least sensible course she could possibly pursue."

"Indeed, sir, she is very smart—at least was so before this sickness came—and often amused our friends when we had any."

"Did she have any engagement—at a theatre, I mean."

"No, sir; but——"

"Nor was she likely to have, with poverty for her guide! Don't you know—but of course you don't—that although the stage is a lucrative profession to some, its novices frequently expend more money in dresses and paints and foldrols than your sister was likely to earn in four or five years? Don't you know that every actress earning above a pittance now-a-days is a star, and that to be a star costs a preliminary fortune? Didn't any one tell you that managers needed introductions, and profitable ones, too? Well, well, your sister studied for the stage?"

"Yes, sir," replied Cyril, humbly.

"I'm not speaking against the profession, mind, but of its impossibilities. It's as good a vocation, and as great a vexation as mine, perhaps, and both are up-hill work. Have you *no* relatives?"

"An uncle in Boston, sir; but he heard of sister's studies and refused to help us."

"About the *most* sensible course *he* could pursue," said Dr. Flint, warmly. "Give me his address."

The boy willingly did so, and in due course returned, with a load of wholesome nourishment, to the sick room of his sister.

How do I know what passed? Perhaps some one told me afterwards. Perhaps I fancied it, knowing the doctor well. I know what passed my window very often, and that was the doctor's familiar step, more elastic than usual, on his way to the sick room of his new patient.

The doctor's letter to Boston was answered speedily. I regret to say that it was not such a reply as the doctor quite appreciated. The worthy medico, however, found some good Samaritan to take them in, and Florence Kyrle grew better rapidly.

Time passed on. The newsboys on our street no longer had young Cyril amongst them. The doctor found that he needed such a boy, and placed him in his own study, where he learned many curious things which pleased him mightily, and now that he is Dr. Cyril Kyrle he delights to tell this story of an eccentric man's generosity to a poor newsboy and his almost dying sister.

Nor is this all.

Florence was filled with gratitude to her preserver. "And loved him?" you ask. He never questioned her. He was an elderly man and a bachelor, and he remained so till he died. But his dying pillow was smoothed by her hand, and to her his last request was lovingly whispered. These two, Florence and Cyril, were his adopted children, and what fortune he had was left in their charge. "Do the greatest good that you can with it," he said, and they gratefully obeyed his behest, remembering their poverty and his tenderness.

And few know but you and I and them that Dr. Flint was not a man of stern, relentless dignity. Is it one's good qualities that come to the surface, I wonder? I think we hide them generally for fear that we might lose them in our own self-esteem and love of flattery.

WHAT HAPPENED TO SIMPKINSON'S BABY.

BY CAPTAIN JAMES.

"Abandoned Child.—A male infant, about a year old, was brought to the station house on Fifteenth street last evening, by an officer of the Eighth District, who reported that he had found it on the steps of a house in Girard Row, where it had evidently been abandoned by its inhuman mother. It was sent to the Almshouse."

I had just finished reading the above, among the local items in the morning paper, when the office door opened and in walked my friend Simpkinson—Constantine Simpkinson, a man of warm heart and generous impulses, although he has occasional flights of fancy and is sometimes given to exaggeration.

"Listen here, Sim," I said, "this is rather hard on the youngster, ain't it?" and I read aloud the item; adding, "how would you like one of your little cubs disposed of in that way—sent to the almshouse?"

I was totally unprepared for the extraordinary change which came over Simpkinson—his face flushing instantly to the very roots of his hair, alternating with a paleness which startled me. I thought he had been taken suddenly ill, and sprang to my feet.

"Be—be—seated, my dear boy," he stammered; "your—your query, made so abruptly, quite shocked me, and you'll not be surprised, when I tell you that *I had* one of my cubs—as you are pleased to designate my offspring—sent to the Almshouse. No! not another word—I know what you're going to say, and since you have virtually extorted this much from me, I'll tell you the whole story, which may afford you some amusement, although it was productive of anything but hilarity to the parties immediately interested at the time it occurred.

"You've seen my son Junius—our head bookkeeper now, you know. Well, more than twenty odd years ago, when he was about a year old, I left my house one morning, after kissing him as he lay sleeping in the arms of our maid Matilda. I was in a particularly good humor, knowing that I should make a considerable sum by a business arrangement to be consummated that morning, and so I sauntered pleasantly along, smoking my cigar. As I turned the corner, a woman hurried by with a child in her arms. I looked at her as she passed and felt a thrill of anguish at the woeful expression on her face—blank, unvarnished horror seemed to be stamped on every feature.

"Ah; how delightful it would be if all the world was happy and prosperous," I thought to myself, "and the pleasure of my prospective gain quite vanished as that face hovered before me. Where was she going? What was she about to do? The street into which she turned led directly to the river, and, perhaps, driven to despair, she was going to drown herself. These thoughts troubled me all morning; and about noon, having satisfactorily concluded the business referred to, I accepted the invitation of an acquaintance to lunch, rather in the hope of casting away my dismal recollections than because of any appetite. I was detained much longer than I had anticipated on leaving, and it was nearly two o'clock when I got back to the office. I had left my boy Oliver in charge as usual, and on entering I missed him from his customary place, a small desk near the door; but looking about me I was considerably surprised to see him sitting on the floor, with something in his arms, and a very uncomfortable expression on his face.

"Hallo!" I cried; "what are you doing there? What's that?"

"'A young'un,' said Oliver, 'and it's been a howlin' like fun, but it's quiet now.'

"Knowing that Oliver was especially devoted to canine pets, and thinking that he had endeavored to beguile his loneliness by introducing one of these into the office during my absence, I was about reproving him rather severely, when to my utter amazement, as he rose, I saw that what he held was a baby.

"Why, where in the name of common sense did that come from?" I cried.

"'Just after you went out a woman came in,' said Oliver, 'and says she "Is Mr. Simpkinson in?" 'No, marm,' says I, 'but he'll be back soon.' "Are you his boy?" says she. 'Yes,' says I.' "Well, hold the child a minute," says she, a handin' me the young'un, "till I come back;" and she ain't never come back yet! I dunno what she meant by it.'

"What sort of a looking woman was she?" I asked.

"'She had on a black shawl,' said the boy, 'and looked like a 'spectable person.'

"I knew now why that poor woman's face haunted me so long, and why, possibly, seeing in my face a kindly look as we met in the morning, she had tracked me to my office, and before destroying herself, determined to cast the infant upon my charity. I looked at the child; it was quite pretty, nicely and warmly clad and very clean. I felt attracted towards it and began to wonder whether it would be right for me to adopt the child—whether Mrs. Simpkinson would be willing. I felt doubtful on that point, as her own babe was care enough for her; and as for Matilda, who took charge of young Junius, it was not likely that she would submit to be additionally burdened. These reflections caused the charitable impulse to fade almost before it was fully formed. But something must be done with the child, and uncertain as to the best course to be pursued, I determined to send for my friend Botherby, who had an office in the same building and was an old acquaintance of Mrs. Simpkinson's. Botherby was a sage, a man who read the human character thoroughly, and could be looked to for an opinion on any subject. I took the infant and dispatched Oliver for Botherby; the result was the speedy arrival of that gentleman, who, after closely scanning the baby, seated himself and listened attentively to my account of affairs. 'The old story, my dear fellow,' he said; 'the old story. Oliver, my son, never again take an infant from the arms of an unknown woman. That kind of thing is done every day. As for your benevolent dream of adopting the child, it is—excuse me—simply absurd; your wife wouldn't hear of it. Besides, how do you know what this deserted infant will grow up to be?

"'I saw your own noble infant at your happy home yesterday, and the intellect of its father and the sweetness of the mother are already stamped upon its brow.' At this moment the 'abandoned' began to shriek. 'I can see here,' continued Botherby, 'the vices of its parents already written on the features of this poor waif. Mark how low its forehead is, how large its under jaw. Look at the rage in its eyes, listen to the cruel ring in its cry. Ah! beware of this child; give it to the proper authorities at once. Oliver, lock the door and bring the brat. I must save you from the yearnings of your too charitable heart, my benevolent friend. Come, let us be off.'

"Botherby clutched me by the arm as though my long-vanished impulse to adopt that strange baby was a material power which would bear me away bodily if not resisted, and Oliver followed in our wake, bearing the infant, still shrieking wildly.

"When we reached the police-station, the tale was told by the boy, and I corroborated it. The lieutenant took my name and address, recorded the statements in a book, and concluded the interview by informing us that the deserted infant would be immediately sent to the Almshouse.

"So much for human hearts," said I. "The babe was cast upon my charity. I hand it over to the police authorities, and they send it to the Almshouse."

"'You are a taxpayer, my friend,' said Botherby. 'It is well you have common sense in my person at your elbow.'

"We had reached my office, and as we ascended the steps he continued: 'The offspring of the criminal classes show their hereditary vices in their countenances almost at birth. I could see in that yet unchiseled face a strong——'

"'Ah, there they come!' screamed a female voice.

"'Oh, they haven't got him!' cried another.

"'I gave him to the boy there,' answered the first.

"'You young villain, where's the baby?'

"'Constantine, dear, speak—my child?' sobbed the other, clinging to my neck.

"It was my wife who clung to me, the baby's nurse, Matilda, who shook Oliver.

"'Baby?' said I, gasping; 'what baby? Where? who? which? when?'

"'Oh!' said my wife, 'Matilda and I were going to Kingfisher's, and I sent Matilda first to wait in your office for me, as I had some shopping to do, and baby shrieks so, and she—oh! I'll discharge her as soon as we get home—she left the baby with the boy while she went out to do some shopping on her own account, and when she came back the office was locked up, and I found her crying on her steps. Here's the boy, but where, oh! where, is my dear little angel?'

"Dumbfounded, I was speechless. Botherby glared around wildly, but said nothing. Oliver told the awful tale. He revealed to Mrs. S. that I had given my own babe to the police under the impression that it was an utter stranger, and as my wife was of the belief that this was a thing that once done could not be undone we had a lively scene, you may be sure. I don't like to recur to those moments when I made explanations to the police, and excited their suspicions thereby, nor to the time and trouble spent in recovering my first born, who had already been received and registered in the infant ward at Blockley. Humiliating as all this proved to be, it was nothing to what I afterwards endured from Mrs. S., who, by the way, learning from Oliver what Botherby's comments had been, never could be brought to friendly terms again with the distinguished philosopher, who had discoursed so learnedly on the inherent depravity of abandoned infants. It was all in vain to point out to her that—to men at least—babies are all exactly alike, and that I did not notice what the child wore. To this day she shudders at the fate which Junius so narrowly escaped, and my recollections thereof are by no means pleasant. Now I've told you one of the secrets of our domestic 'prison-house,' and hope you'll keep it to yourself."

I said I would, and so trust to the reader not to betray me.

If you would have your company at ease, be yourself at ease. Be at home within yourself, and all around you will feel so.

News of Interest

The new muffs are said to be large enough for two hands only.

A man's virtues are not to be measured by the length of his funeral procession.

A London paper classes "sophisticated milk" among current domestic grievances.

Some cocoanut trees are flourishing in one of the public parks in San Francisco.

Somebody has ascertained that it takes forty-eight thousand house flies of average size to make a pound.

A family of Smiths, at Terre Haute, was recently increased by the simultaneous advent of four little Smiths, all boys, and each weighing seven and a half pounds.

Few even among the thriftiest Scotchmen have made a penny go further than a firm of brass and copper wire manufacturers, who recently drew a copper coin into two thousand seven hundred feet—more than half a mile—of wire.

The Chinese rebel against the sewing machine, because, they say, it cheapens labor and deprives their tailors of work. At Hong-Kong several Chinese tailors, who lately undertook to use machines, were assaulted and expelled from the native community. In America, Chinese labor is opposed and ridiculed. In China, American cheap labor by machinery is equally repudiated.

The tobacco statistics of the world, could they be seen in one mass, would astonish the economists as well as the moralists. France consumes annually 43,000,000 pounds of smoking tobacco; 8,000,000 pounds of segars, say 850,000,000 in number; 17,000,000 pounds of snuff; 1,500,000 pounds of chewing tobacco, which is either smoked or chewed or snuffed. There are sixteen tobacco factories in France, (two, those of Metz and Strasbourg, having been lost by the German war), and about 40,000 retail tobacco and cigar shops, 1200 of which are in Paris.

The Tichborne Property.—The beauties of litigation and the swift execution which legal shears accomplish upon anything which chances to get between them, find an illustration in the celebrated Tichborne case. The bogus claimant is serving out his term of imprisonment; the jurymen who sat out the long trial have not yet got done grumbling over their insufficient compensation, and now the successful heirs have made an application to Parliament for permission to mortgage the estate to pay off the cost of the trial. The only people who have come out of the affair happy are the lawyers; and they have done their work so well that there is not enough left of the once magnificent estate for the crows to quarrel over.

A Chinese Nursery.—The following is the manner in which the Chinese learn their babes to sit in a chair. They are not allowed to attempt this feat until they are four months old. On that day the maternal grandmother visits them, carrying with her as presents articles of food and clothing, a kind of chair, and a quantity of molasses candy. At a suitable time during the day the soft molasses candy is put in the seat of the chair on rollers. The child is then put in the chair, so as to sit down on this candy, which melts it to the chair for the time being. This is done in order that it may have to sit in the chair, and not require to be carried very much in the arms of the nurse or mother. We imagine that Yankee babies would prefer to have the candy placed before them, so that they could apply it internally.

The following are some of the replies given by candidates for clerkships in the English Post-office Department, in making their written statements as to the medical histories of their families or themselves; these are taken from the report of the department just published. It is to be hoped that in future years the benefits of compulsory education may be shown by rendering such replies among the things of the past: "Father had sunstroke and I caught it of him." "My little brother died of some funny name." "A great white cat drawed my sister's breath and she died of it." "Apperplexity." "Parasles." "I caught Tiber fever in the Hackney Road." "I had goarnders." "Burralger in the head." "Runnimtanic pains." "Shortness of breadth." "Carracatic fever." "Indigestion of the lungs." "Sister was consumpted, now she's quite well again." "Sister died of compulsion." "Toncertina in the throat." "Pistoles on the back."

The English have lately had a new American visitor—the mosquito. Rumor states that her Majesty was actually driven by it from her royal palace in the Isle of Wight. The royal bed is so sedulously guarded that not even the smallest insect foe can find lodging there; the dismissal of the housemaid being the inexorable penalty for the royal discovery of even the most diminutive of the tribe. But for mosquitoes the household was wholly unprepared, and her Majesty was sharply attacked one night by one which bit her on the forehead—or, as another report says, "the most prominent part of the royal face." The worst of it is that the creatures here are said not to "buzz" before they bite, and hence there is no means of guarding against their approach. Her Majesty, accordingly, set off next day for Scotland, where the diminution of the atmospheric temperature will probably save her from such annoyance.

Monograms.—Monograms, which the world of fashion considers so essential to its existence, are another evidence that "there is nothing new under the sun," being a very ancient institution. They are plentiful on old Greek coins, medals and seals, and on the coins of Sicily they are very numerous. The names of cities and States were frequently represented by monograms on coins and manuscripts. In the middle ages the Popes and Kings of France often used monograms as their signatures. Charlemagne's looks very much like the lettered cross frequently placed under a weathercock to mark the points of the compass. German painters have always been fond of the monograms, and some of them have constructed very ingenious ones out of their own names. The early printers had their monograms for imprint, and bibliographers used their knowledge of them in determining ancient editions. More than five hundred old monograms have been discovered, some of which are still unsolved enigmas; and a dictionary of monograms was published at Munich about forty years ago.

TIMKIN.

BY MYRTLE BLOSSOM.

There was once a little orphan boy, for whom nobody in particular cared and who roamed about pretty much as he chose. He wore always somebody's ragged old coat and trowsers, and never had owned shoes and stockings in his life. He used to go from house to house in search of dinner and a bed, and do in payment any errands or work that the good wife might find for him to do. And, finally, his name was Timkin.

One day it happened that Timkin went up into the church-tower, not having anything better to do, and when he had climbed halfway up the stairs, what should he spy sitting but a queer, pale, withered, crooked little figure, only two or three steps above him, who called out, "Well, Timkin, are you coming to me for your dinner? Very good; you shall have it, but afterwards you must do my work for a night and a day."

"And what is your work?" asked Timkin, half afraid of this goblin-looking creature, with its screeching voice.

"Only to ring the bell," said the other, showing Timkin the bell-rope. "Three times for the day, and once at midnight."

"If that is all," answered Timkin, "I am willing enough, only I want the dinner first."

"Come up here, then," said the goblin, pointing to the landing, and when Timkin got there, lo! a little table, set out with silver dishes, and on them trout, birds and chicken, smoking hot, and a great long-necked bottle of sparkling wine, and dishes of fruit, and the whitest bread Timkin had ever seen.

"Here's a queer dinner to find up in an old musty church-tower," said Timkin to himself; "the squire himself won't dine as well as I to-day."

So he sat down at the table; and first he tried the trout, and then the chicken, and then the bird; and then he went back and took more trout, and bird, and chicken; and then he went at the bread and fruit, smacking his lips all the while with prodigious relish, and taking between-times a great glass of wine; and, in short, he finished the entire dinner, while the goblin sat by and laughed to see him.

"Very good, Timkin," said the goblin, "you can take a turn at ringing now; and if you do it half as well as you have performed at table I shall have no reason to complain. When you have rung an hour by the clock here, you can rest till sunset, when you will ring again for another hour. After that another meal will be served you, when you can sleep till midnight, when you must strike the hour. In the morning you will find breakfast waiting here for you and some sixpences in your pocket. Now, do all just as I have said, and you will have no reason to complain of the Goblin of the Tower."

"So it is a goblin," said Timkin to himself, a little frightened; but as it was time to ring, and the rope pulled hard, he had no leisure to think about it, and when the hour was up he was so tired that he was glad to go to sleep.

"No wonder the goblin hires folks with good dinners to do such work as that for him; it's a very hard job," said Timkin, as he curled on the floor for a nap.

Everything then fell out as the goblin had said. After Timkin had rung the hour at sunset, there stood a table, set out as it had been for his dinner, at which he ate just as he had done before, and immediately fell sound asleep.

At midnight he struck the hour, and in the morning found breakfast waiting for him, as his dinner and supper had done; and being by this time well tired of the musty, dusty, old tower, he went down-stairs as fast as he could, and hurried to get into the open air. Once there, however, he stopped short, bewildered. Nothing was where it used to be. The blacksmith's shop, that stood just across the road, was gone, and there was a fine new house in its place; so was the old tavern gone also, and a new one built, further up the street. The houses that Timkin used to think the most splendid in the world were grown with moss, weather-stained and doleful-looking, while everywhere he saw other houses that he was sure were not there the day before. More than that, he knew none of the people whom he passed in the street, and all of them seemed to look at him as a stranger; and getting sight of himself in a glass that stood in a shop he saw that he had grown to the size of a man, was dressed in a fine suit of green velvet, wore a cap with a plume in it, and had a beard on his chin.

"Good gracious! I am bewitched," thought Timkin. "How can all this have happened in a day and a night?"

But when he had done rubbing his eyes there he saw himself yet in the glass as before. Remembering, then, what the Goblin had said about money in his pockets, he began to search them, and found them stuffed with diamonds and gold pieces, at which he was so astonished and delighted that he could hardly help turning a somersault, only he remembered that folks in green velvet clothes did not turn somersaults. So, instead, he went to the keeper of a shop, and said, "Pray, sir, can you tell me anything about Timkin, a little ragged boy, that used to hang about in the village here?"

The shopkeeper looked sharp at Timkin, and seeing a gentleman with a splendid cap and plume, a beard on his chin, and a fine green velvet suit, he was very civil, and answered with one of his best bows:

"No, sir, I don't remember any Timkin; but then I have only lived in this village for the last ten years, but my wife was born and brought up here. Wife! wife! come here, and tell this gentleman if you know anything about Timkin, who used to live here."

"Oh, yes," said the wife. "I remember him very well; but he lived here a long time ago. It is twenty years since he wandered away and never came back. They searched high and low for him, but he could never be found; and at last we made up our minds that he had lost himself in the woods and died there. That was twenty years ago and he never came back."

Then Timkin knew that the goblin had played him a trick, and that the day and night were each ten years. He was not sorry, however, since he found himself so well dressed and with plenty of money in his pockets, and such a noble beard on his chin.

You know they say that fairy gold brings misfortune, but that is quite a mistake. There is nothing the matter with fairy gold, only that people are apt to spend money selfishly and foolishly that they get easily.

Timkin, who remembered how poor and forlorn he once was, resolved to give half of his money to take care of such poor little ragged urchins as he had once been himself. On the other half he lived very comfortably, and, in process of time, went to Court, where he was made—what do you think?—why, my Lord Timkin, and so lived the remainder of his life much respected.

FABLE OF THE RAIN-DROP.

There was once a farmer who had a large field of corn; he ploughed it and planted the corn, and harrowed and weeded it with great care; and on this field he depended for the support of his family. But after he had worked so hard, he saw the corn began to wither and droop for want of rain; he thought he should lose his crop. He felt very sad, and went every day to look at his corn, and see if there was any hope of rain.

One day, as he stood there looking at the sky, and almost in despair, two little rain-drops up in the clouds over his head saw him, and one said to the other:

"Look at that poor farmer; I feel sorry for him; he has taken such pains with his field of corn, and now it is all drying up; I wish I could do him some good."

"Yes," said the other, "but you are only a little rain-drop; what can you do? You can't wet even one hillock."

"Well," said the first, "to be sure, I can't do much; but I can cheer the farmer a little, at any rate, and I am resolved to do my best; I'll try; I'll go to the field to show my good-will, if I can do no more; so here I go." And down went the rain-drop, and came pat on the farmer's nose, and fell on the stalk of corn.

"Dear me," said the farmer, putting his finger to his nose, "what's that? A rain-drop. Where did that drop come from? I do believe we shall have a shower."

The first rain-drop had no sooner started for the field than the second said, "Well, if you go, I believe I will go too; so here I come;" and down dropped the rain-drop on another stalk.

By this time a great many rain-drops had come together to hear what their companions were talking about; and when they heard them and saw them coming to cheer the farmer and water the corn, one of them said, "If you're going on such a good errand, I'll go too; and down he came. "And I," said another. "And I," "And I," "And I;" and so on, till a whole shower of them came, and [the corn was all watered, and it grew and ripened, all because the first little rain-drop determined to *do what it could.*

Never be discouraged, children, because you can't do much. Do what you can. Angels can do no more.

VAIN-GLORIOUS BOASTS END IN SHAME.

"Did you hear how the fox ran into Farmer Brown's yard and frightened every one to death?" said the Speckled Hen to the rest; and they all gathered round her to listen to the story.

"Don't be nervous, ladies," said a grand-looking Cock, strutting up and down before them. "Remember you are under my *protection!*"

"The fox! the fox!" screamed the Hens; and in he actually ran, the hounds after him.

The valiant Cock flew up to the top of the wall, while the Hens scattered off at fast as they could into the roosting place.

"He is gone!" cried one, peeping out. "Oh, yes; he is gone!" said the rest; and they came, one by one, very cautiously down the roost ladder, and landed in the yard.

"Is he gone?" cried the Cock, from the wall.

"Yes, quite gone;" they all cried.

"Then I may come down, too," he said, and strutted about as before.

"I wouldn't leave my post, you see, ladies, while there was any danger," he said, majestically.

"Who doubts that?" said Shock, who had heard him promise to protect them. "You are a brave defender, indeed. If your ladies had not had the roost to fly to, you would have helped them much from the top of yon wall!"

"Pray sir, what *was* I to do?,' said the Cock, much disconcerted and offended.

"Oh, of course," said Shock; "you couldn't do anything but take care of yourself; and I don't blame you for doing that, but for blustering about what you know you couldn't do. False pretences always make people contemptible."

POST-MORTEM PRAISE.

"Do you remember Drover?" said Shag to his friend Tray.

"What, the shepherd dog on the hill?" asked Tray.

"Ay; a rough, slouchy-looking fellow; half rust and half dirt color," said Shag.

"Oh, yes," said Tray; "I remember him very well—slow and sleepy, rather. They said he liked eating and sleeping better than work."

"To be sure they did," said Shag; "to hear their talk about him, you would think he might die twenty times over without being missed."

"Is he dead, then?" inquired Tray.

"He is," said Shag; "and, to hear the fuss they are making about him, you would say the world must stand still without him—such a *beauty* he was—so *faithful, so clever, so discreet;* in short, I doubt if such a paragon of perfection, in the shape of a dog, ever existed before, or ever will appear again."

"You don't say so!" said Tray.

"I *do;* and what do you think? they're going to have him stuffed; they are, truly!" said Shag.

"Never!" said Tray. "How long have they found all this out about him?"

"Oh, only since he died," said Shag.

"That's the way with 'em," said Tray; "he got many a hard word and sharp kick, while he was alive, that he didn't deserve, and now he is dead they make all this ado about him with about as little reason."

OVER THE STONES.

BY W. F. H.

On we wander, with smiles or sighs,
Laughter or tears, in our wrinkling eyes,
Aches and pains in our stiffening knees,
We care now only for rest and ease;
Friends have gone to the distant zones,
Yet we're still pattering over the stones.

Youth—ha! many are gone since then,
Past and forgotten by angels and men,
Melted to gases, pale and thin,
With their follies and faults, and virtue and sin;
Yet still in our ears sound their friendly tones,
As we go pattering over the stones.

The streets are changed, and the houses too,
Forgotten the good that we tried to do,
The sea has some of our friends once dear,
Earth has swallow'd the rest, we fear;
Acids and salts have fled from their bones,
Yet we're still pattering over the stones.

WRUNG FROM THE GRAVE:

OR,

The Stolen Heiress!

BY MARY E. WOODSON,

AUTHOR OF "A WOMAN'S VOW," "OAKLANDS," ETC.

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CHAPTER XXI.

THE BEGINNING OF REVERSES.

It was the third evening after Cecil's last interview with Tom Robinson, as he alone knew and designated Caspar Lenox, before Allaine could find another opportunity to take the child to one of these secret rendezvouses, and in the meantime the boy had grown so impatient that she dared not refuse him longer, for fear that his turbulent, imperious temper might lead to some involuntary exposure. She was then not sorry to learn at dinner that Mr. Philip Danvers was quite indisposed, and as Cecil could not always be prevented from finding his way about the house, and being somewhat noisy at times, she readily obtained permission to take him out for an afternoon's stroll.

"That's the dullest old house," said the precocious young lad, looking back as he went out at the gate, "and I shouldn't care if I had to stay away all the time."

"You ungrateful boy!" cried Allaine, sharply; "would not you wish to see your mamma? What would she do?"

"Oh, *she'd* get along well enough," he replied, coolly. "Trust to mamma for that. She'll make papa Eugene take care of her."

"And what would you do, Master Dupre?"

"I'd go around the country jolly enough. I'd ride the circus horses and live with Mr. Tom Robinson."

"You'd be nicely set to work for your mother's son," continued Allaine, angrily. "I thought you had pride, and wanted to grow up as a gentleman."

"I don't see where the gentlemen have such a nice time," replied Cecil, disdainfully; "there is papa Eugene lounging about the house all the time, and that is stupidity itself."

"Ah!" muttered Allaine, looking at him, "you are a chip of the old block—cold, heartless, cruel, like your mother; and when you are a man, with all the superior opportunities for crime that the masculine world possesses, I don't know what is to become of you."

Meanwhile, they had reached "Tom Robinson's" headquarters. They found that individual with his head buried in his arms, and both upon a table before him. His face was moody and frowning when he looked up, but the frown disappeared at once and he arose with the greatest alacrity and seeming good-will to welcome the child, and in a few moments Cecil was in his element, chatting with delighted animation.

"We are going out for a walk," said Lenox, authoritatively, to Allaine in a few moments, "and you can wait here until our return."

A feeling of alarm came over her with renewed strength, but looking into the resolute face of the man she dared offer no demur, and the two went out together, leaving her for an indefinite time to amuse herself, or fret with impatience, as she would.

Lenox had taken off the boy's fine overcoat, and replaced it by a long cape of coarse gray cloth, and he now led him on down the street, with a determined step and a natural air that could never have attracted especial attention.

"Shall we see the circus again?" asked Lenox.

"Oh, yes! yes!" replied Cecil, delightedly.

And he hurried on to the booths that had been erected at a short distance beyond them.

The horses were being prepared behind the scenes for the nameless feats of their unsexed riders, and as it was not exactly time for them to "go on," Lenox hailed one of the men:

"Let me ride this little fellow a bit. He has the most perfect control of limb and muscle I have ever seen at his age. Only look!"

He drew off the child's boots, and the knee-trousers revealed a shapely leg that excited the admiration even of the well-developed athletes about him. With the proper amount of rosin upon his stockings, Cecil stood up quite bravely upon the well-fed animal's back and rode around the inside ring. Then he stood upon one foot, and then began to dance around, the animal moving all the while with the regular practised trend, and Caspar and others walking at his side ready to catch him in case of a fall. Finally, there was a shout of applause, and he was taken down.

"You think you would like that every day?" asked Caspar, as he led him towards one of the tents.

"Yes. Take me back, and let me ride again."

"Not now; the others will be busy. But we were to talk about bringing you up as a circus man, you know. When will you be ready to begin?"

"Oh, to-day—now! It will be so delightful!"

"You cannot go back home to-night, then."

"I don't want to go. It is so stupid shut up there. You said I might stay with you."

"But suppose your mamma should determine to have you back, and send to look for you or advertise you in the papers?"

"We'll fool them!" cried the child. "I won't go."

"You'll do, I think," said Lenox, with a grim smile. "Now, come in here while I talk to you."

He led the child to a seat quite removed from general observation by a floating piece of canvas, and sitting down beside him engaged him in an earnest conversation for some moments, which Cecil seemed to understand entirely, and of which he evidently highly approved, as he laughed delightedly more than once. At last Lenox got up, and led him towards the most remote tent. Nina DaCosta met him at the door.

"Hurry," said Lenox, briefly, "or you will be too late for the train."

She had a bundle in one hand, and taking the child by the other led him within the enclosure. When she came out again Cecil was arrayed in an entire set of girl's clothing of a grave, undecided hue, appropriate for traveling.

"Would you wish a more complete disguise?" asked Nina, triumphantly.

"No," replied Lenox, with an entirely satisfied laugh. "The middle parting of his curls makes him so like his mother that no one would ever imagine him anything but a very pretty girl. You know your part now, my little lady," he said to Cecil.

"Oh, yes!" replied the boy, delightedly; "it is such rare fun. I should never have seen the like with those stupid people. Won't we fool Allaine nicely, too? She will have to go back alone, and then won't she and mamma have a row!"

"Yes; but you are not to speak of that, you know."

"Oh, I know. I won't let anybody hear me; but it is just the funniest thing! Shall we go now?"

"Yes, there is no time to lose. Remember, you are to do all I told you, or you will be brought back."

"I'll remember."

They were soon at a noisy depot, and had taken their places in the train. They had purchased tickets to Boston.

"You won't be long in coming?" said the child, looking anxiously up into the man's face.

"No," replied Lenox, briefly; "as soon as I can; to keep them from finding us out, you know. But you must have patience, and wait until you do see me."

"Yes," answered Cecil.

"Now, once more," whispered Lenox; "what is your name?"

"Mary Robinson," replied the boy, gravely.

"Who is this lady?

"My aunt."

"Where is your mother?"

"She is dead."

"And where are you from?"

"'Way across the water—from England; and we are going to Boston."

"You'll do," said Lenox, patting him on the head approvingly, and as the engine gave them an admonitory snort he bade them good-bye and hurried out. "The sooner he learns a lesson or so the better," he muttered, as the long train started off, and he turned back once more, "for he is going to play his part in life irrespective of all we can do. A nature like hers, with the power of a man. I'll wager the flax is growing already that is to be spun into a rope for him. And now, my Lady Danvers, with the means I shall employ, if there is one impulse of woman's nature about you, your punishment has begun."

It was already late when he walked back into the house where Allaine sat, vainly pretending to occupy herself with a book.

"Where is the child?" she asked, starting in alarm from her seat. "It is time I should be at home."

"You can go alone," said Lenox; "you will not be troubled with him again."

"Oh, my God! my God!" she cried, sinking on her knees in an agony of remorse and terror; "you have not killed the child? Tell me, in heaven's name, that he is not dead, or I shall go mad!"

"Peace, fool!" exclaimed Lenox, sternly. "You would not have far to go, I think. Do you imagine that every one can commit a murder with as ready a hand as you or your mistress, and incur the momentary risk of being hung for it? No, the boy is safe enough in better hands than yours or hers, and there he is to remain until Miriam Danvers is brought to punishment. Now, hark you! I will have no infernal foolery about me, or the police shall have you in charge in ten minutes, and you hung within the month. A woman who can use a stiletto as you can, can not have such a very tender conscience. I tell you boldly that I have sent the boy where you shall never hear of him again, and you may return to your mistress and tell her so, with my compliments. I know the whole history of her unnatural crime against Louis Dupre—a crime which, if proved, as I intend it shall be, would turn her foolish husband's adoration into loathing. She will not dare betray me, though a word from her might restore her child to her arms. Now go, and be thankful that you have the liberty to do so. I have nothing to fear from you, I know."

"I dare not face *her*. For the love of the good God hear me," began Allaine once more, with a piteous moan. "Give me back the child, or she will slay me with her own hand."

"That is no affair of mine," said Lenox, with a bitter laugh. "You deserve it of some one, so you can settle the little matter between you. You will invent some story, of course, about the child's disappearance, for you would not have her know you brought him to me."

"And you will not restore me the child?"

"No; a thousand times, no."

"Can nothing — prayers, promises, *nothing* avail?"

"Nothing. Your prayers, to be heard, should have been said earlier in life, and for your *promises*, they are indeed a sound and nothing more. Think of the lives you two have wrecked, and go meet your doom. Go, or I may be tempted to anticipate the law, and avenge them with mine own hand."

There was anger, stern, almost desperate, written, for the moment, on his countenance, and Allaine, who, as we have before stated, had nothing of the dauntless courage of her mistress, under any of the ordinary trials of life, shrank back, abashed and terrified, feeling that from him she could likewise hope nothing.

"Come," said Lenox, again. "You would not spend the night here. It is time, then, you were gone."

Allaine moved quietly to the door, and only when she had reached it, did she turn and face him with a look of determination in her face.

"Once more, Caspar Lenox, you *will not* hear me—you *will not* give me back the child?"

"Once more, and let that suffice, I will not. If I would I could not, for the distance between us and the boy is increasing as fast as steam can carry him. You need expect no mercy at my hands. I live but to avenge."

"You may remember this to your sorrow. Adieu." And Allaine glided down the steps and into the street. "He refuses me mercy," she murmured. "Can I expect then of her—of her who has ever denied it to all when she was smiling and prosperous. What will she then say? What will she do when she finds herself bereaved of her son—finds him torn from her arms by a relentless form, perhaps for death, or worse still for privations and crimes more wicked than ours have been. Say what I will, she will read my guilt in my face, and I shall be lost. No. They are driving me to it, so let me seek the justice which will overtake me sooner or later, at the end."

CHAPTER XXII.

BOLD STROKES SOMETIMES SUCCESSFUL.

"You mind what I tell you; that boy took 'em from me when I dropped off to sleep," whined Mother Crowley, as the remains of a cushion and the innumerable rags about her old chair were taken out and shaken one by one, while Moll performed the same operation with all the rubbish about the room. "He's got 'em, and will trade 'em away for cakes; that's where he's gone to now."

We beg the reader's pardon for being compelled to turn once more to the repulsive abode of Mother Crowley, as we must do, on the evening when poor little Walter fled from her roof to become a homeless vagabond in the streets; but the romance writer, who would delineate the varieties of human nature truly, can not always present its most honorable or pleasing features for our consideration, and hence we will proceed with our story.

"And if you had been worth a penny o' their value, you'd ha' swallowed 'em afore you ever let him set his thievish fingers on 'em," returned Moll, angrily.

"What will Ned say? He'll murder the boy, and all through your pizen opium eatin's, that will make you drop asleep some o' these days, my precious old bones; and it 'ill be the devil's pitchforks as will wake you up."

The boy, however, was not destined to fall into Ned's hands, for the present, at any rate, and in the meantime, the robber lay moaning with heavily increasing pain, for, while the excitement attendant upon his unexplained adventure of the previous night had lasted, he had scarcely felt the wound he had received at all, although it had bled so profusely that the dark stream had run down over his mud-stained boots. But when he found himself safe in his lair, and a sense of his own disappointment and suffering came over him, his powerful strength deserted him suddenly, and curse and swear as he would, he found himself almost as helpless as a child. But fortunately for himself, he was still in the hands of a woman, who, while she might be his abject slave from the force of memory and habit, yet entertained for him that regard which has caused, and will still cause women good and bad to cling to, to believe in and trust, even the world's monsters of crime and iniquity.

When Moll ventured to inform him at last that the missing ear-drops could nowhere be found, and that Walter had left the house unbidden—a thing of unprecedented occurrence—and had not yet returned, though it was growing quite late, he uttered a tremendous oath, and attempted to spring out of bed, but the effort was speedily followed by a cry of pain, and he fell back upon his pillow, bruising his nether lip with the fierce pressure of his firm white teeth.

"What were you doing!" he cried, "that you let him go out. You will rue the day you were born, if he is not back speedily. All the jewels of Tiffany's are nothing to that boy. I would not have him escape me for all the wealth of the Indies, for know you, senseless creature, that he is life, *revenge*, and when I choose to make use of him, wealth beyond power of spending to me! Should Caspar Lennox find out he has been suffered to escape, we should be ruined. I should be on his track instantly. May God's curse wither the hand that wounded me. Do you not see that I am tied here, and that you should have watched; but I tell you, h— shall not hold me if the boy is not found."

He lashed himself into such fury, as the night advanced and Walter did not return, that before morning he was delirious, and Jerry was despatched in haste for the local physician, whose diary must have been a strangely interesting one, had he taken the trouble to chronicle a tenth part of the strange patients and incidents that came within his knowledge.

Payne's wound was found to be an intensely painful, and perhaps a dangerous one. The torn flesh had been aggravated, and would consequently be long in healing, in addition to which, the doctor had to probe deeply for the ball, and found a portion of the hip bone broken. Ned ground his teeth in agony when he learned his situation, and was told that his life must certainly pay the forfeit, if he did not remain perfectly quiet for some weeks. His tremendous oaths echoed over the old house like distant thunder, and even Mother Crowley grew active as he hurled his anathemas at her.

Fan was despatched the next evening to make what inquiries she could about Walter, and to leave a second message for George Blount, who now winked at, and even abetted crime, under the guise of a policeman. Of Walter she could learn absolutely nothing, and Blount was ill.

Caspar Lenox, who only came and went at rare intervals, and evidently had no desire to be kept up with as to his movements, had changed his place of residence and could not be found.

"Was ever such luck!" cried the desperado. "And there is Blount. What is the matter with the fool? If I could see him, all might be set right. The young whelp, who shall be roasted alive when he does come, as come he shall, will be sure to dispose of the diamonds at some of the haunts with which he is familiar, and then he may be tracked."

Jerry, in the meantime, was sent out daily to look about, but to no purpose.

Blount presented himself at the end of a week, with his head bandaged. "I would not give you such another chance for all New York," he growled. "Where was the need of overdoing the matter, when you chanced to be left alone outside the station with me, for a moment? You made a hole in my skull that seemed to let in the lightning with those fine bracelets of yours, and the surgeon was trepanning, and doing the devil knows what, on my dead body, for a day and night."

"So it was my little tap that distressed you?" said Ned. "Why man, I had been disabled!" and in spite of his own suffering, he laughed a harsh laugh of cruel enjoyment. Blount was not in a good humor when he pocketed the reward which the other bestowed from the funds obtained through Evelyn Leslie.

"I'll make much of this," he replied, trying to smile in his turn, "for the next time you get 'nabbed,' and don't make your mark before you give in, you are a caged bird, for may the foul fiend run away with me if ever I bargain to take charge of you again."

Ned laughed once more, but this time less offensively, and told him of the boy's flight.

"Bring him back to me!" he cried, striking his huge fist upon the pillow as though it were Walter in person, and he desired to crush the life from him at a single blow. "Bring him back to me, and you shall have the diamonds, or I swear to pay you their equivalent in value."

Blount vowed that he should have the boy "dead or alive" before the ensuing sunset, and left to institute his search. At the end of a week, however, he had grown rather crestfallen, but his efforts were not abated.

The stormy irritability of Ned's temper, meantime, greatly retarded his recovery. Cups or glasses were hurled at Moll and Mother Crowley with equal irreverence, but still he was unable to cross the floor.

Ere the wound had healed, an abscess broke out a few inches below the fracture, and he did not turn himself in bed for two months.

Caspar Lenox had dropped in once, in the interim, and Ned was astounded to find that he took the boy's disappearance so coolly. "It is impossible to lose *him*," he had said, "though it may be months before we cross him again."

"Yes," mused Caspar, as he went out. "I am not sorry to get rid of the boy for good and all. He has looked at me so often of late, with his mother's eyes, and it was not she that I designed to punish. Let him perish if he can, it is best for him that he should; and still with the proofs of his existence that I have until now, I have the power yet to torture Arnold Leslie in his prison with an agony of grief that he has never known before."

Guessing something of this, Payne grew doubly anxious for his recovery.

"You will never recover," said the doctor, "unless you keep your temper."

And Ned's efforts were for a long time ineffectual, but he conquered himself by degrees.

"Lenox thinks that I do not understand him" he muttered, "but I will show him that I do. If the boy is destined to escape, I wish to die now; there is no need of living longer. If I recover he will come back into my hands. I must try and be patient; and in the meantime, we must live."

Yet even this seemed to be doubtful sometimes. They had been compelled to lie rather low of late, and the funds of the house were soon exhausted. Moll wondered what he had done with the mint of money for the child; but in his present fits of temper she dared not question him. Her own wrath against poor Wally would have been likewise doubled had she dreamed how much of it had been spent in the search for him.

Her petty larcenies now were of no great avail, and on one occasion she spent a week in jail, but was dismissed for want of evidence, the gentleman who had accused her of theft forbearing to prosecute when he had witnessed her tears and other signs of repentance.

"What did Leslie's child say of the jewels in her mother's possession?" he asked of Moll one day.

"That there was more on 'em locked up in her cabbernet than would buy the house they lived in and a dozen o' them we was a passin'," replied Moll. "But, bless us, who could get at 'em! Not all the king's army."

"You may," replied Payne, thoughtfully, "what is to prevent you, if you are clever!"

"'Hoggany doors, and locks and bolts," returned Moll, with a return of her old insolent composure. "And mebbe pistols enough to stop me, if I tried too hard."

"Hold your tongue!" cried he, angrily. "Suppose you get *inside* with their consent. The locks and bolts might then yield to your hand, which is both big enough and strong enough, I should think!"

"How could that be?" she asked.

"Well, here is an advertisement in the paper signed Rochester Leslie, stating that he wants a new nursery maid. You can apply for that at once."

"Where's my character?"

"Look as if you had it, and we'll make one. I'm a pretty good penman. I'll write you any amount of certificates, and people never expect to know the writers. Tell them you've lived only with your own people, but you are too poor now, you must go out. We'll praise you as an angel of mercy and goodness, and they may like you. There are papers of Arnold Leslie's in that house that were not to be opened in a number of years, which I would give my right hand to obtain possession of. At any rate make the experiment."

Payne, who was now able to walk about, made her attire herself in a neat black dress, that gave her now a really prepossessing appearance, and he himself drilled her thoroughly in half an hour, in manner and speech. Peculiarly apt at deception, some of her most intimate friends might have passed her without recognition, as she ascended the broad marble steps of Rochester Leslie's residence. Very justly, she had not the remotest apprehension of being recognized by the child whom she had once so cruelly deceived.

She was shown into Mrs. Leslie's room, and found that lady with Evelyn at her side. The nursery maid's place was not yet filled. Her duties and responsibilities would alike be light. She would be entirely under Mrs. Neale, the head nurse. Moll was really pretty as she handed up her papers, and with her eyes upon the floor faltered forth her modest statement.

"Please take her, mamma," said Evelyn, softly, "she will be good."

"You have a little advocate here who always gains her cause," said Mrs. Leslie, with a smile. "I think you will do."

Moll had given in her name as Martha Stone, and agreed to return the next day. When all was settled, she hurried home to apprise Ned of her good fortune.

"You see," he said, smiling grimly, "that fortune evidently does favor the brave."

How long it was to favor them, however, is quite another thing.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

In God's mercy, the portals of the churches and other public buildings were still a refuge for Walter by night, and with the money bestowed by Philip Danvers, he bought bread from day to day; occasionally earning a sixpence in the meantime, whenever he could find anything to do.

The dread of being discovered by some one seemed to grow upon him so that he frequently lay hid for hours, until hunger would force him from his retreat to seek something to appease its cravings, or the cold compelled him to walk that he might warm himself.

A poor woman, who employed him to do a job of work for her, and permitted him to sleep upon the hearth in her kitchen for a couple of nights, rewarded him with a new jacket, a man's round-about. The great size was no objection to him, he doubled the sleeves back and they were warmer. One leg of his trowsers got torn off at the knee, but he had found an old woollen scarf in the street, and he tied that about his bare leg with a string. His sufferings were at last, however, brought to an end, at least, for some time. It came about in this wise.

He had one day wandered into an obscure street, quite away from those fashionable thoroughfares which he had first insisted upon frequenting. Many poor people lived here; and he felt instinctively, though no one spoke to him, that he was not so far removed from human companionship; that some one, accustomed to privations and suffering, though not to the extent that he was, *might* look upon him with an eye of pity, as a creature belonging to their own species, at least. Even in this wretched being there was so much knowledge of human nature.

As he sat among the ruins of a house that had been burned to the ground about a week before, he saw a woman slowly approaching, with a basket on her arm. The basket was filled with nothing heavier than clothing, yet the woman seemed scarcely able to sustain its weight. As she did not look thin or hungry, Walter concluded she must be sick. Indeed, as she came up about opposite to where he sat, she staggered and caught by a lamppost near, or she must have fallen in the street. Walter got up at once and came near.

"If you please, mum, I'll carry that 'ere."

"You won't try to run off with it?" questioned the woman, reviving a little. "I've been ironing all day, and it has made me faint-like, with a swimming in the head, but I had to take them home to the white house at the end of the street this evening. What will you charge to carry this basket on for me?"

"I don't mind taking it for nothick," replied Wally, honestly. "Only if you had a crust o' bread and a bit o' meat you didn't want."

"Are you *hungry*?" asked the woman with a shiver.

"I hain't had nothick, mum, till it seems like I could almost eat them 'ere clothes."

"Lord ha' mercy on us!" cried the woman. "Don't spoil 'em. What were you hiding among those bricks and ruins for? Are you afraid of any one? Have you stolen anything?"

"I'm afeard of them two, mum, as does steal; but I hain't took nothick since she told me not to."

"Where do you live, child?"

"Anywheres, mum, 'long the streets."

"Where do you sleep?"

"Anywheres, mum, mostly, too. Sometimes by a wall, and sometimes ahint them—only bigger like," pointing to the columns that supported a piazza on the opposite side of the street. He did not know what a church was.

"You are an orphan, then, I suppose?"

"What may that be, mum?"

"An orphan? I mean are your father and mother both dead?"

"I hain't never had none o' them, mum."

Thinking of St. Julian Manning's mother, it had dawned upon him that persons questioning him thus did not refer to Mother Crowley, and that it was as well to be silent about her.

"Take up the basket," said the woman. "You may carry it for me until I got over this, the air will bring me round again, and I will give you something to eat when I get back home."

Walter took it up readily, and walked on at her side.

This woman was plain, but very neat, yet, with a heart disposed to all charity and goodness, she was ashamed of the boy. When they came near to the house she had indicated, she took the basket, declaring she was much better, and bidding him wait for her on her return, went on alone. He was shuffling about as usual, when she came out again, and she bade him follow on behind her.

The snow had begun to fall when she stopped once more before the door of a small, time-worn shanty.

"Come in here," she said, beckoning him to follow. "This is where I live."

A plain, bare room certainly, with an ironing-table, a cupboard, and a clean bed; but how much better than nothing! The woman took down a plate with four biscuits and a cold fish, and a saucer with some molasses, and placed them to the table. At a sign from her, the boy fell to eating ravenously.

"You will choke yourself with the bones."

Mrs. Bagwell, for that was the woman's name, had a kind, motherly heart, and she grew alarmed for the boy's safety, for Walter swallowed the fish as he might have done an oyster. When the fourth biscuit had disappeared he looked around.

"This storm will be a severe one," said Mrs. Bagwell, returning from the door. "I cannot turn you away on such a night as this." She was a widow, and had lost her only child a short time before. "Sit down there, before the fire. When it is later, I will give you some blankets, and you can sleep in the loft above."

The boy spread out his thin hands over the coals, which she had stirred into a blaze.

"I say now, do them two come here?"

"What two?"

"You know," said Walter, vacantly; "Ned and Moll."

"I don't know any such persons," replied Mrs. Bagwell, surprised. "Where do they live?"

"Way back—back through the alley; I don't know now," returned Walter, beginning to feel unusually stupid; "*them* as steals diamints from *her*."

"No, I don't know them, and I hope I shan't in a hurry," replied the woman; "though, heaven knows, there is little enough here to steal." Then she asked the boy his name, and fell to talking to him now and then, while Walter grew first confidential and then sleepy.

"I say now," he broke in at last, when he had been nodding for some moments, and a sudden plunge forward carried him from his low stool to the floor; "do you know where—where school lives?"

"Who?" asked Mrs. Bagwell, with a start.

"School! Him as teaches the like o' me to read a paper, and picture books in the winder, and makes folks good."

"Schools are *houses*, where children go to learn to read and write and all such things," explained Mrs. Bagwell, with an amused smile. "What an ignorant child you are. There are schools for boys and schools for girls, but you don't call them either *him* or *her*."

She sat sewing for a while longer, and then spoke to him again; but Walter had extended himself along the floor and was fast asleep. "Poor homeless creature!" she sighed. "What a night this would have been for him outside. I can't see how they live." An hour or so later she came near, and was forced to take hold of and shake him roughly to ascertain whether he were alive or not, as it was. Even then he muttered but a few incoherent words, and relapsed into the same stolid condition.

"It is a pity to disturb him," said Mrs. Bagwell, softly. "He is so utterly worn out." She hesitated a moment, and then drew from a wooden chest in the room two colored blankets and an old comfort. Folding the latter in half, she placed it on the faded piece of carpet, spread like a rug before the hearth, and lifting the boy laid him upon it.

Oh, dainty ladies of fashion, how you would have shuddered at the contact.

Then she covered him with the blankets, but they were thin and worn; and going to her own bed, she drew off another, which she folded above the little slumbering figure. "I will spread my best dress, with the one I have on, over me, and I will never know the difference," she said.

Oh, ladies of fashion, listen to this.

A little after, she had put out her lamp and retired.

Mrs. Bagwell arose early. She did not attempt to arouse the boy until she had lighted a fire. When she turned to him at last, he opened his eyes, with a dull, vacant stare, but did not move. She soon discovered that he was both helpless and speechless. Quickly heating some water, she poured it with some mustard into a tub, and plunged the wretched child into it. Then she got out a clean little shirt, that had belonged to her own dead boy, and put it on him.

Oh, ladies, with garments of fine linen folded away, and wept over at stated intervals, as the relics of your departed, does the thought of this cause you to shudder?

Putting the child in her own bed, Mrs. Bagwell went out, closed the door, and hurried away through the snow for a physician.

"A congestive chill," said the doctor, bending over him. Poor Walter, divested of his man's jacket, and with his hair combed back from his shrunken face, was scarcely more than a little shadow. "His powers of endurance have been long and severely taxed," continued the physician. "I hardly think we will get him through it; but, in any event, he will need more nursing than you may be able to give him. Would it not be better for me to have him removed to a hospital?"

"Not in his present state, doctor. It would be a downright murder. No, I couldn't bear to think of this wee bit of a thing turned over to hired nurses; and he coming to me to carry my basket for nothing, or at best for a crust of bread. I'll try to keep him, unless death takes him from me."

And so Walter had found a home at last. Good Mrs. Bagwell, may it be told as a memorial of her, when death has taken her too away from this selfish sin-polluted earth of ours!

"What is it that he clasps so rigidly in his fingers?" continued the doctor, as he drew the wasted hand from beneath the covering to examine his pulse. "It looks as if it might have been a pocket-book in its day."

"So I thought;" replied Mrs. Bagwell. "I tried as gently as I could to get it from him, this morning, and put it away until he recovers; but he held to it like a vice. Ah, see! doctor! just struggling through this rent, some strands of a soft golden curl; perhaps it was given him as a lock of his mother's hair. Poor, pitiful outcast!"

"Let him keep it," said the physician, whose eyes were misty with tears. "He might be dimly conscious of its removal."

Not conscious for long, Walter. For a little later, every muscle had relaxed, and he lay back in a lethargic slumber so closely resembling death, that the solitary watcher could scarcely tell which it was. The small hands dropped, as pliant as the covering about him; and Mrs. Bagwell, chafing them between her own, saw the worn and soiled purse, lying all crumpled and wrapped about with threads upon the bed. She took it up tenderly—without one thought of examining into this treasured memento of some bright spot in the child's deplorably dark life, and placed it beneath his pillow. Had she discovered what the untidy package contained besides the golden curl, that henceforth were to be more valuable in the boy's estimation, than the crown jewels of a monarch, for it had purchased his soul from the powers of Satan—her suspicions might have been aroused, and her thoughts of him less kind; but fortunately her innate delicacy and refinement prevailed over the vulgar curiosity that might have tempted meaner natures, and the child's secret was preserved.

Some hours later the doctor looked in again. The crisis had passed, and Walter opened his large eyes with a look of intelligence. His lips moved as with an effort to speak, and Mrs. Bagwell bent over him.

"Where be my pocket-book?" he whispered, in a tremor.

"Here, dear—under your pillow," the good woman replied. "You dropped it, and I put it there ready for you when you should wake up."

He could not lift his hand; but the fingers closed over it tightly when she had placed it upon them, and when he had felt it once or twice, a peaceful, almost beautiful expression came into his face, and he fell asleep again. For a day or so he lay upon his pillow, when awake, watching Mrs. Bagwell, as she moved about the room with a look of wistful interest that often drew her to his side, but he was too feeble to talk. At last when he had grown much stronger he startled her with one of his abrupt questions:

"Does *you* know God?"

"I hope so my dear," she answered. And when other questions of a similar nature had followed, she brought her work to the bedside, and tried time and again patiently to explain to him how God is a spirit, and not man, invisible, but beholding all our acts, and punishing the evil while he rewards us for all the good we do. Perhaps it was a very long while before he understood her at all; but he smiled as she talked; and each day he asked her to "tell him the story again." Afterwards she began to explain to him about the Saviour, and his divine mission: how he came to save the worst of sinners; but had declared himself most of all—a lover of little children.

"He loves her as they tuck the purty things from, and as told me about God; but not a poor nothick like me," he said, with a piteous sigh.

"Yes, you above all," she explained to him in language suited to his comprehension, "for the poor and despised of this world are declared his especial inheritance;" and in a few days she had taught him the Lord's Prayer. When he was strong enough to move about she told him that his home was to be henceforth with her, unless she should be compelled to give him up to some one who could prove a superior claim. He seemed very grateful, and tried in every possible way to make himself as useful as he could. In his leisure moments he found a child's picture book about the house, and begged her to teach him how to read it. It was a task she had not thought of assuming, yet she undertook to learn him his letters at night; and at the expiration of a few weeks, he could spell out the smaller words.

She took him with her to church every Sunday. He stared about him very wildly the first day, and trembled with fear; but after that he behaved with marked decorum. He went with her to relieve her of all burdens she had to carry, and sometimes went a short distance on errands.

As the spring advanced he worked a little with a light hoe in her bit of a garden; but so small a boy could not do much, and for some time to come he must be a dead expense to her; but he was company for her, and she had grown to love the boy, who was docile and submissive in an unusual degree. Nevertheless Fate had decreed that this unfortunate waif should no longer enjoy the grateful but humble shelter which he had found here, as we shall show in a subsequent chapter.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

VENETIAN LACES.

The history of some of the Venetian laces is curious. Clement VII. gave his niece, Catherine de Medicis, laces in relief of enormous value, which afterwards became the property of Mary Stuart. During the reign of Louis XIV. the laces necessary for a gentleman's costume cost $18,000. The pontifical dress worn by Pope Innocent XI. is now exhibited at the Exposition at Milan, and also the magnificent laces of the Princess Margaret, presented to her on her marriage by the ladies of Venice. The collections of antiquaries give the clearest idea which we can have of the variety and peculiarities of these laces. It is interesting to see the admiration which these persons feel for their treasures; they touch them with respect, and show them to an inexpert with ecstasy. There is the point d'Espagne, so named because the pattern came from Spain; point d'ivoire, imitated from the designs of ivory cuttings; point de rose, rose pattern; but all these are made in Venice. Their texture is marvelous, for all these stitches, so fine that they are scarcely visible to the eye, were made by the needle in a woman's fingers. Happily, we may for these things use the past tense, for the fabrication of a piece would often occupy years, and sometimes a lifetime. Their price is as extraordinary as their workmanship. You may have for $900 a piece of lace four inches wide, and long enough to trim an overskirt, and another piece for the bertha, which, although not the same pattern, will yet agree with it. For $100 you can have an ugly, large collar of point de rose, which no modern lady would care about wearing.

LOCOMOTIVE CAPRICES.

It is perfectly well known to experienced engineers, that if a dozen different locomotive engines were made at the same time, of the same power, for the same purpose, of like materials, in the same factory, each of these locomotive engines would come out with its own peculiar whims and ways, only ascertainable by experience. One engine will take a great meal of coal and water at once; another will not hear of such a thing, but insists on being coaxed by spadefuls and bucketfuls. One is disposed to start off when desired at the top of his speed; another must have time to warm at his work and to get well into it. These peculiarities are so accurately mastered by skillful drivers, that only particular men can persuade engines to do their best. It would seem as if some of these "excellent monsters" declared, on being brought from the stable, "If it's Smith who is to drive, I won't go; if it's my friend Stokes, I am agreeable to anything." All locomotive engines are low-spirited in damp and foggy weathy. They have a great satisfaction in their work when the air is crisp and frosty. At such a time they are very cheerful and brisk, but they strongly object to haze and mists. These are points of character on which they are united. It is in their peculiarities and varieties of character that they are the most remarkable.

BANYAN TREES.—These trees are common all over the East Indies, and to such a size do they grow that one tree forms a miniature forest in itself. The largest banyan tree is said to be on the banks of the Merbudah River. Forbes, in his "Oriental Memoirs," says the circumference of the tree at the time this account was written was nearly two thousand feet, and the overhanging branches, which had not thrown down their props or supports, stretched over a much larger area. The tree had as many as three hundred and twenty main trunks, and over three thousand smaller ones, and was capable of giving shelter to three thousand men.

OUR OWN SPHINX.

[Communications intended for publication in this department, should be addressed to care of Editor SATURDAY EVENING POST, Philada.]

ENIGMA.

I am composed of 14 letters.
My 3, 14, 5 is a personal pronoun.
My 6, 7, 14, 11, 10 is a metal.
My 1, 5, 2 is a part of the body.
My 2, 1, 5, 6 is an ancient deity.
My 10, 1, 6, 7 is used by shoemakers.
My 12, 3, 9, 6, 7 is a spectre.
My 6, 3, 4, 2 is a scripture proper name.
My 11, 1, 5, 13, 4 is an adjective and not diminutive.
My 8, 9, 11, 7 is the name of the maker of a certain kind of firearms.
My whole is the name of a celebrated institution of learning in New England.

LATAL.

PUZZLE.

To half a dozen add six;
And if you add five hundred,
A word you soon must fix,
Provided you haven't blundered.

ŒDIPUS.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

A consonant. Pertaining to us. Like cork. A pirate. Puzzles. Concave like a dish. To deceive. Single. A consonant. The centrals, read down and across, will name a notable feature of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

CHARADE.

Beside the brook one summer day,
When nature all was merry,
I saw a gipsy maiden stray,
As brown as any berry;
She with the limpid waters quenched her thirst,
And picked a simple salad of my First.

The woodbine and the eglantine,
The woodruff and the mallow,
Delight to twine and intertwine
Beside that streamlet shallow;
And kissed by sunlight and caressed by dews,
My Second in the air around diffuse.

The sun went down, the twilight fell,
Outshone the stars unnumbered;
Each flow'ret closed its honeyed cell,
And nature softly slumbered.
While pale and cold across the heavens stole,
In modest maiden majesty, my Whole.

A SQUARE-OF-EVERY-WORD PUZZLE.

1.
The desert king,
Whose presence will
Each living thing
With terror fill.

2.
Of this word 'tis the mission
To be a preposition,
Giving you a notion
Of onward, inward motion.

3.
This charm to blend
The myriad roses of Cashmere you ask
Their subtle essences to one small flask
To freely lend.

4.
The middy to his labor trained,
The sun by sextant viewed;
And said that Phœbus had attained
His greatest altitude.
Each verse means a word of four letters.

ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE.

A father had a witty son,
And thought his head to bother;
So questioned him if he could tell
The age of his dear mother.
"No," said the son, "I never heard,
So of course I do not know;
But by some figures you might give,
Perchance her age might show."
"Five times your age was she, my son,
Just fifteen years ago;
But now you've almost caught her up—
'Tis strange it should be so,
This very day, I say, my son,
And vow that this is true,
That time has wrought so great a change,
She is but twice as old as you.
And now I think I have said enough
For you to know directly,
What age it is you both must be,
So pray tell me correctly."

ACROSTIC.

My 1st one of the United States. 2d. A city of Virginia. 3d. A county of New York. 4th. A river of New Jersey. 5th. The home of N. P. Willis, on the Hudson. 6th. A city of Maryland. 7th. A city of Virginia. 8th. One of the United States capitals. 9th. Is another United States capital. 10th. A town of New Jersey. 11th. One of the United States. My whole is either a chant or a response in the P. E. Church.

LITTLE ONE.

CONUNDRUMS.

1. What is the difference between accepted and rejected lovers?
2. Why is old Ireland, at the present time, like a house without a family head.
3. Why are young ladies like jellies?

[Answers to the above will be given in No. 17.]

Answers to "Our Own Sphinx." No. 11, Vol. 54.

ENIGMA.—Truth crushed to earth shall rise again.

CHARADES.—1. Catfish. 2. Schuylkill, (School-kill).

METAGRAMS.—1. Rock, Cock. 2. Bee, Bed, Bet.

WORD SQUARE.—
FIRE
IRON
ROOD
ENDS

DOUBLE PYRAMID PUZZLE.—
CARNATION
BULLOCK
MABEL
RAT
T
ERA
ATONE
COWSLIP
THRASHING

DIAMOND PUZZLE.—
F
JAY
FAUST
ASA
T

HIDDEN FISHES.—1. Shad. 2. Salmon. 3. Eel. 4. Trout. 5. Bass. 6. Rock. 7. Taylor. 8. Pike. 9. Sardine.

CONUNDRUMS.—1. Air. 2. Lies.

SILENCE GIVES CONSENT.

BY EVELYN FORREST.

It would not cost you much, dear,
To linger in the shade,
While our gay companions wander
Up and down the woodland glade:
Let the red fern droop around us,
And the dead leaves flutter down,
Our hearts are fresh and green, dear,
Though the forest's scorch'd and brown.

It would not cost you much, dear,
To let mesee your hand
Ungloved—though well I know it
For the fairest in the land;
And those dainty little fingers
For an instant might I hold;
It would not cost you much, dear;
To me, 'twere gain untold!

It would not cost you much, dear,
To hear me whisper low
A secret I discovered
Not quite a week ago.
Would you promise, having told you,
That I never need repent?
Ah! you guess it! No reply?
But your silence gives consent!

GOGGLES AS TESTIMONY.

BY ANNIE H. JEROME.

At the time it happened I wore them constantly. A terrible fever had not only rendered me a helpless paralytic, but enfeebled my eyes to a most distressing degree, and I learned to depend on the old blue goggles in more ways than one.

The folding doors between my slightly darkened room and my husband's study were generally wide open, and with my back placed to the light, pouring through the French windows there, the goggles proved as serviceable as an extra pair of eyes. Painted on the dark glass was a perfect representation of every object within the range of my vision.

On the afternoon of which I write, Gerard, my husband, and I were quite alone in the house. In consideration of some extraordinary event, I had given all the servants leave of absence for a few hours. It was a paradisical day, and my eyes dwelt with delight upon our beautiful grounds, terraced from the windows down to the pellucid lake far below. But after a time they returned to the indoor scene, and fixed themselves sorrowfully on my husband's face. He was seated at a writing-table, with his back almost directly toward the window. Heavy lines of deep thought furrowed his brow, and I knew, from experience, that no ordinary sound would arouse him from that trance-like condition.

I closed my eyes. He was not a bad man, nor was I a bad woman, yet we had both learned during the two long years of our married life, that we had made the saddest of all sad mistakes. It was not a love match, neither was it one of convenience. Injudicious friends had declared us suitable, and without much reflection on either side, we agreed to abide by their decision.

When I opened my eyes the delicious sunshine was still flooding the room behind me, and Gerard still sat there, the embodiment of concentrated thought. My glance passed over him, and again sought the outdoor brightness. It was arrested by a strange object—the tall, slender figure of a woman, habited in the coarse, black garb of a Sister of Charity.

She was threading, with an ardent attempt at concealment, the fountained, blooming maze of the wide upper terrace, and at intervals I lost sight of her entirely. Yet I could not but remark the exquisite grace of every movement, and as she drew close to the windows and threw aside her veil, I saw, notwithstanding the disfiguring band across her forehead, that she was a woman of most rare and delicate beauty.

It was a youthful face of waxen fairness, and lit up by a pair of marvelously beautiful eyes—eyes, large, soft, and expressive, and which haunted me for months, though I could not discern their color. But I judged them blue by the curl of pale golden hair, which had crept from beneath the ugly, black bonnet. Even as I gazed, it occurred to me that that flossy curl was singularly out of place on a Sister's shoulder. But I had no time for speculation.

She cautiously approached one of the windows, and after a quick glance, vanished and reappeared at the other. The next moment she softly crossed the sill, and stood, motionless, behind the curtains.

Hitherto I had watched her movements wonderingly, and with a certain delight in her grace and beauty. But now a strange, thrilling sense of extreme horror and alarm seized me. I hastily attempted to call Gerard. But the shock had, for the time, completely deprived me of the power of speech, and I lay back in my chair a mute and agonized witness of the awful scene that followed.

After a brief space, the partially concealing curtain was gently thrust aside, and the hider stepped out, and with a swift, noiseless tread, stole to the back of Gerard's chair. She paused again there, her beautiful face white and rigid as death, and a strange, remorseless fire glowing like coals in her magnificent eyes. The pause was short.

A slender, lily-fair hand was quickly withdrawn from the folds of her cloak. In it glittered a small stiletto. It flashed in the air for an instant, and then fell, with lightning swiftness, over the doomed heart, and—the murderous work was done!

I saw no more—when, where, or how she went I knew not. But I came out of the swoon to see my poor husband sitting there with his forehead resting against a pile of books on the table.

Half maddened by the sight, I made an almost superhuman effort to rise, and, strange to record, the awful agony of those moments accomplished what medical skill had vainly attempted. I arose and feebly staggered to his side.

Tenderly lifting the shapely head, I tore aside the vest to see if life was really extinct, and there found the stiletto still buried to its quaint jeweled hilt.

With anguished cries and moans, I grasped it, vainly striving to withdraw the blade. And thus my servants found me.

But I turn, shudderingly, from that awful day. Of the scenes that followed, it is sufficient to state that the bitter tide of public opinion set fiercely against me. Men and women seemed alike determined on my destruction. Whispers of our domestic unhappiness went abroad. Even my paralytic condition was warped into a proof of my guilt. In short, nothing but a providentially wanting link in the chain of circumstantial evidence saved me from the gallows.

And here I close this dark page in my history to open at a brighter.

It was ten years after. I was the courted wife of an honored statesman—better, the proud and happy wife of a proud and happy husband. If the world remembered the dark cloud which had lowered over my youth, the remembrance was carefully hidden.

The gay winter season was at its gayest height, when I one day received a letter from a cousin with whom I had been on terms of sisterly intimacy from my babyhood.

The letter was short, and to the point that she proposed making me a long visit, in company with a dear, though new friend, whose acquaintance she had made in Paris the previous year.

"She is a very charming woman, Adele," wrote my enthusiastic cousin Lilian, "and also a regally beautiful one. A poet or painter might describe this tall, exquisitely graceful woman with soft curling hair of palest gold, and delicate, rose-tinted skin of pearly whiteness; but I cannot. I can only say you must see Anita Romane—must look down into the depths of the great luminous blue eyes, that constantly thrill one with vague foreboding of her future, to realize her truly marvelous beauty."

Somewhat amused, I responded immediately. After expressing my delight at the prospect of not only beholding, but entertaining this *rara avis*, I fixed the date at which I should expect them and bade her include in her party three or four mutual friends, to whom I forwarded mere ceremonious invitations.

In due time they arrived. As I turned from welcoming my strange guest, Lilian flashed a glance of pride and triumph into my eyes. And she had cause—Miss Romane was, indeed, regally beautiful. I acknowledged it in every line of my face, yet with secret torment.

The queenly, lily-like woman seemed to stand before me as the embodiment of some long-forgotten dream; for it was simply preposterous that I had ever met her. Hour after hour, and day after day, that tormenting question: "Where have I seen you?" haunted me. In the midst of the gayest scenes, I would become utterly oblivious of my surroundings, and with eyes fixed on her lovely face, torture myself with vain efforts to solve the perplexing problem.

Lilian frequently rallied me on the profound admiration which had taken possession of my once skeptical mind, and, impelled by a singular aversion to the subject, I allowed her to attribute my lapses from good breeding to the cause she assigned. Indeed, I never discussed it but once, and then with Miss Romane.

It happened one morning that we sat together in my boudoir. We had all taken an active part in a series of private theatricals, the last of which would engage us that evening, and Lilian, with my other guest, had retired to what we jestingly termed the green-room, for the purpose of making various preparations consequent on the occasion.

Miss Romane sat before me gleaning a morning paper for our mutual entertainment. Looking up suddenly, she caught my fixed gaze. Involuntarily, we both smiled. I then apologetically explained. She shook her fair head in a decided negative.

"It is quite impossible. I have set foot on my native soil but once before since my infancy, and then during a period of sorrow which not only broke my heart, but made me bitterly impatient of all society."

She spoke abstractedly, and with a grieved, faltering intonation which wrung my heart strangely. As if suddenly recalled to herself she added in her usual tone:

"Besides, Mrs. Madison, I never forget a face; and your sweet one would, of all others, have retained a place in my memory."

"Thank you," I returned softly, feeling the earnest sincerity of the compliment. Then, reverting to the first words of her reply, "I know you are right. I know that the first time I ever saw you was on the day of your arrival here. Yet by a singular persistence my mind is constantly occupied with your strange likeness to some one I have seen either waking or sleeping. Your very grace impresses me as in some way familiar to my recollection. And more remarkable still, that massive golden serpent with which you fasten your hair has a certain association in its heavily engraved and richly jeweled surface, though I could swear I had never seen it in all my life."

An expression of anxious surprise flitted across her countenance, and she involuntary lifted her hand with a quick, nervous movement to the strange ornament. But instantly dropping it she answered smilingly:

"Certainly, you never have. It is an heir-loom, and descended to me, through a long line of ancestors, from a wicked old countess, at whose command it was made, and forbidden to be duplicated. It is said that she half buried it, as I do, in a mass of yellow hair. But I wear it," she added in a quivering voice, "because it was so worn by an idolized sister of mine, now dead."

She paused, evidently controlling her emotions. In a moment she quietly resumed:

"So, Mrs. Madison, you see how——"

The sentence was cut short by the entrance of Lilian.

"Of what are you two indolent creatures thinking?" she cried. "Anita, love, you are wanted to try on your dress, and you must do it. You have shirked the duty long enough. And you, Del, are required to institute an immediate search for the ebony casket which you say you have not seen for years. The missing necklace ought to be within it, and doubtless is. So come at once. Come Nita."

Miss Romane, following my example, arose, and as she did so exclaimed in tones of unfeigned disgust:

"That odious Sister Agatha!"

"Odious!" echoed Lilian and I. "Sister Agatha odious!" continued Lilian. "Why she's an angel upon earth, Anita; and Mr. Rainier openly declares that she is merely the soulless copy of a noble original; and that original Miss Romane, whose exquisite beauty and rare virtues he has feebly attempted to portray."

We all laughed, Miss Romane the while exclaiming:

"Stop! stop, Lilian! I am not censuring our amiable friend and talented playwright, Mr. Rainier. I only shrink," and she involuntarily shivered, "from personating this lovely Sister of Charity. The very thought of it oppresses me like a presage of evil."

"Nonsense!" laughed Lilian. "But come! come! We are wasting precious time."

And flinging the door open she marched us off to the "green-room," without further ceremony. As we were in the act of entering, I caught the sound of a plaintive little voice panting:

"I's a-comin', Aunty Del. Please don't shut the door!"

On glancing down the hall I espied my daily visitor, and darling pet, little Bell Dutton, the daughter of a friend, and next-door neighbor. Her curly black head was just visible on the stairs, and in a minute she was scampering gleefully into the room.

As usual she was received with tender acclamations and caresses; and looking back upon that day I marvel that no warning intuition thrilled Miss Romane's sensitive nature, as she kissed the innocent baby hands charged with her future destiny.

In a short time we were fairly launched into business. While Lilian and the others proceeded to robe the unwilling Miss Romane in the garments which she had thus far persistently refused to assume till the coming evening, I commenced my search for the casket.

Seated before an old bureau, with baby Bell perched on a chair beside me, I overhauled the odds and ends which composed its contents, and which had not seen the light for a decade of years.

Two drawers were examined without success; but on opening the third one the first object presenting itself was the long, narrow ebony casket. I was about to report my success when a delighted scream from Bell arrested me. Glancing at her I involuntarily laughed. The little witch had quietly purloined my old blue goggles from one of the drawers and duly mounted them upon her tiny nose. Charmed with my prompt notice she quickly drew them off.

"See! see! Aunty Del, how boo it is in the speeceleels!" she cried, eagerly lifting them to my eyes.

"Presently, dear." I smiled, as I rose and took up the casket.

Lilian's voice was triumphant as I joined the group about Miss Romano.

"Yes, here it is," I answered. "And, Fannie, since three pairs of hands should be enough to torment poor Miss Romano, will you busy yours in examining the contents of the casket? I want to look up some old lace which I fancy must be in that bureau. Here is the key in the lock."

I waited only to place it in her lap, and then, as Miss Romano was not quite prepared for criticism, hurried back to my task. Little Bell, still exuberant with delight, promptly demanded the fulfillment of my promise.

"Yes, darling, presently," I occasionally replied as I tossed over and examined the various articles before me. But she finally teased me into compliance with her will. Leaning back in my chair I let her adjust the glasses, obeying, with an air of profound astonishment and delight, all her pretty commands to look at this, that, and the other. In the midst of this innocent sport, the robing scene going on between me and the windows at my back suddenly attracted my eye in the blue glass, and on the instant the vexing problem of the past few weeks was solved. While I had been occupied with my search and baby Bell, the finishing touches had been given to Miss Romane's costume, and in the fair Sister of Charity I saw one I had thought never to see again. My peerless guest was no other than the murderess of my husband!

A woman' less self-controlled would have fainted, or made an outcry; I did neither. Quickly rallying my mental forces, I decided, in consideration of those interested in the approaching entertainment, to defer action till the next day. And when Lilian's call interrupted Bell's sweet chatter, I was, in a great measure, prepared for the difficult task I had imposed upon myself.

As I crossed the room, Lilian turned from Miss Romane to me.

"Did you ever see any one so completely disguised by so simple a costume, Del?" she exclaimed. "I would never know her, would you?"

"Not as Miss Romane, certainly," I replied, in even tones.

My words were followed by a low exclamation from Fannie Howe, who still sat examining the casket's old-time contents.

"What is it, Fannie? Have you found the necklace?" I asked, only too glad to turn from Miss Romane.

"Yes, I have found the necklace, Adele, which is not strange. But here, slipped between the wood and the padding, is a beautiful stiletto! Where in the world did you get it? 'Tis singularly antique in design—as much so as Miss Romane's magnificent serpent. Why Adele! Miss Romane! how singular. It's a perfect match, I do believe," she exclaimed at intervals, as she carefully examined it. "Yes, here are not only the same costly gems——"

Lilian ended the sentence by springing forward and snatching the weapon from her hand.

"Fannie!" she vehemently exclaimed, "how can you be so forgetful?"

"Forget——" half echoed Fannie, as she glanced up at us in questioning amazement.

Perhaps the sight of my pale, shocked face served as a reminder; for her countenance quickly changed, and she murmured, regretfully:

"Forgive me, Adele! Let it again be forgotten."

And taking the stiletto from Lilian's hand, she returned it to its hiding-place. Then lifting the necklace, she adroitly changed the conversation to more agreeable topics.

If Miss Romane manifested any emotion during this scene, no one observed it. I was too faint and heart-sick to look at her, and the others thought only of me. But she was her usual charming self throughout the day; and in the evening, brilliantly lovely and successful. And since this day was unmarked by any other event of importance, I will pass on to the following morning.

Miss Romane entered my room, lovely as a peri, in her soft rich morning dress of delicate blue.

"You are looking ill, Mrs. Madison," she murmured, sympathetically, as she dropped into the luxurious chair I indicated. "Are you quite able to tell me a story? You know," she smilingly concluded, "that you tempted me here with a story."

I could not smile; indeed, I could hardly speak. But I answered tremulously:

"Yes—a terrible story for me to relate, and tenfold more terrible for you to hear."

An expression of vague dread widened the pupils of her glorious eyes as she fixed them in mute inquiry on my face. Without further preface, I said:

"It happened ten years ago, Miss Romane. And on these two bits of oval glass the shocking scene was imaged in all its detail;" taking the old goggles from the little table at my elbow.

Her expression swiftly changed from dread to doubt as she glanced at them, and from them to me again. Evidently my sanity was questionable till I explained.

"The day, Miss Romane, on which my story opens," I presently resumed, "was a deliciously balmy one—too deliciously balmy and bright for the dark deed it witnessed. Across a blooming terrace, vocal with bird-songs and the rythmic drip of fountains, stole a woman habited in the peaceful garb of a Sister of Charity."

I stopped and gazed sadly at the fair creature sitting before me, pale as marble, and likewise as calm. Then leaning slightly towards her, I said, quietly:

"Miss Romane, that woman was very beautiful—as beautiful as yourself, though I did not suspect how closely you resembled her till I saw you robed in the same dismal garments yesterday morning. And further, Miss Romane, that woman was not only gifted with a face as beautiful as your own, but, singularly enough, with the same pale, rich golden hair."

Again I paused and gazed at the strangely calm face of my auditress. She neither moved nor spoke, and I proceeded in deep, emphatic tones:

"And further still, Miss Romane, the stiletto which—which you saw yesterday for the first time since the perpetration of that deed, ten years ago, must certainly have once belonged to your wicked old countess. In short, the bewildering mystery of your face is at an end. I know you, Miss Romano, as—a *murderess!*"

I looked for some reply; but she remained white and mute as the dead. Half alarmed, I touched her arm lightly.

"What answer have you to make, Miss Romano?" I asked, gently.

She instantly started into glowing life and color, her calm face transformed into that of a passionate enthusiast, as she lifted her burning eyes to mine.

"What answer?" she echoed, in sweet bugle tones of inmost joy and relief. "What answer? This!" and she raised hands and eyes heavenward. "That I thank the Almighty and most merciful Father that the end has at last come—the end which I have weakly lacked the courage to invite." She dropped her hands and half spanned her slender white throat. "The hangman's fingers about this throat men call so beautiful will be a welcome touch to me! Ah! you do not know, my sweet and innocent hostess, what it is to bear hourly the burden of a horrible crime, else your eyes would not express such profound astonishment. But you have it—the—the stiletto," she faltered, in hoarse, unsteady accents. "Was—was he aught to you?"

"My husband," I answered, brokenly.

"Your husband! Oh, heavens! and I your guest! Believe me, I did not suspect this, or I would not be here," she added, more calmly. Then dropping her eyes to the dainty, jeweled hands clasped tightly in her lap, she murmured, in a low, dreamy voice, "But it was the way! It was God's way, and doubtless the best, if not the only one!"

She sat thus for a little, and then looking at me, asked, tremulously:

"Will you hear my story! I promise to make it brief."

I bowed a silent assent.

She commenced, wearily:

"It is needless to go back to the first hour of my acquaintance with Gerard Linton. I will, then, simply state that he was known to me as the accepted lover of my only and idolized sister, Evelyn Romane.

"Evelyn was supremely and rarely beautiful—a dark, rich, oriental beauty, in marked contrast to my delicate fairness. Worshiped as a queen in society, her life was a constant round of gayety, and she became, to a certain extent, a thoughtless coquette. Nevertheless, she loved Gerard Linton as only women of like fierce, impassionate nature can love. And he loved her devotedly as passionately.

"But it was a love subject to many storms. The latent jealousy of his nature was daily aroused to a frenzy by her foolish coquetries, and he alternately tenderly protested and angrily threatened. But fancying herself secure, she madly pursued her course, and at length the end came.

"I will only tax you with the outlines of that final stormy scene.

"One day he sought her, blazing with anger, and vehemently commanded her to break an engagement which he declared shamed his dignity as her promised husband.

"Angered by his authoritative tone, she proudly and contemptuously refused; whereupon he broke the tie between them and parted with her, as he swore, forever.

"But day after day she confidently expected to see him at her feet again, and it was only when she learned beyond a doubt, that he had sailed for his native land, that she realized the fatal truth. Her despair was frightful, but sustained by an indomitable pride she queened it as of old in society.

"It was not many months, however, before a rumor of his marriage was duly confirmed. For a while love, anger and despair raged stormily within her bosom. Then——"

A succession of dry, choking sobs finished the sentence and shook her frame like an ague fit. But directly controlling herself she resumed:

"And then Evelyn died. She took a deadly poison. In her dying agonies she called me to her. 'Swear,' she gasped, 'swear, that you will, sooner or later, avenge me. You are a mere girl now—a child, indeed—but the woman's soul is awake within you. Swear, then, quick! I am going! Remember! He must follow me!'

"And child as I was, I swore with a murderous anger and hatred burning at my heart against the man I wildly accused of destroying my idol. And from that hour to the end of his life the one sweet dream of my existence was to execute Evelyn's awful command, and thus avenge us both.

"In pursuance of this object I crossed the seas and patiently tracked him to his beautiful home. And ever beyond his own threshold I stood, a waiting Nemesis in his path. But time and again he escaped my hand as by a miracle. At last wearied out, I resolved to brave discovery and enter the house.

"This decision reached, I immediately proceeded to inform myself in various ways, and by means of various disguises, on all points touching the issue of my deadly scheme.

"After long weeks of patient watching and waiting the day came. I knew that every servant was absent, and you a helpless paralytic in the room beyond your husband's study. And I was too well acquainted with his peculiarities and methodical habits to greatly fear discovery as I cautiously made my way toward the house. Nevertheless, I was fully prepared for the contingency.

"As it proved, however, my precautions were needless. I encountered no difficulties, as you are well aware. But seized with a sudden and alarming faintness I was obliged to leave the stiletto—the stiletto which it is alleged the old countess more than once used thus. See," she abruptly added, unfastening the jeweled serpent, and touching a concealed spring, "this the sheath. On the loss of the weapon I had it finished in this way." And again burying it in her golden hair, she continued, after a slight pause: "The sun of that day at last set——"

But she once more paused, and suddenly covered her face with her hands. Then dropping them wearily, went on in heart-broken accents.

"Remorse has eaten every joy from life, and by means of it Heaven has made me a sincere penitent. I have little time to live—this wildly throbbing heart has long foretold it—but I shrink not from the punishment due my crime. Then act. I hold myself your prisoner."

I burst into tears.

"Nay, you mistake me," I faltered. "Life is the price of life, I know; but never will I lift my hand to call down justice on that beautiful head. God knows how you have suffered, and with Him I leave the question of your punishment before man. In the dark hour of the world's accusation against my good name He sustained and protected me. I can trust Him still."

"The world's accusation against your name?" she repeated, inquiringly. "How?—What accusation?"

"Did you not know," I asked looking at her in surprise, "that I barely escaped the fate of a murderess?"

"You!" she exclaimed, with passionate emphasis. "Never! never! On that very day I embarked for the land which has been my home since infancy, and it was a year before I could bring myself to look at one of your papers. Thank heaven, my soul is free from the stain of your death!"

She arose, and standing before me added:

"You have now given me a double reason for executing a resolve formed on the instant of your magnanimous refusal to proclaim me—what I am! For your sake alone I would feel bound to acknowledge my guilt to the proper authorities. Nay!" she calmly objected, as I lifted a deprecating voice, "It is my final decision."

And quickly turning away she left the room. As the door closed upon her I thought tearfully:

"Repentance opens the gates of Heaven. God's angels will gladly receive her, why, then, should not I, who am only a fellow-servant in His sight, and prone to like evils."

With this thought warming my heart, I arose and went to her chamber. It was too late. She had gone—gone to the old scene of her crime, she stated in an almost illegible note I found addressed to me.

But my story is done. Miss Romane's first night in a felon's cell was her last on earth. Heaven pitifully took her.

A SNAKE IN A BED-ROOM.

Manilla, the capital of the Philippine Islands, in Asia, is subject to earthquakes, typhoons, and terrible rainstorms; yet it is one of the most pleasant places to reside in the East, for living is cheap, and fruits and wines are abundant. The only drawbacks are snakes, mosquitoes and fleas, and they are numerous, and all bite most viciously, and the former sometimes fatally. It is not pleasant to wake up in the night and hear a snake wriggling at the least movement which you make in bed, as once happened to the writer, and only by an active exercise of lungs were servants called and the necessary assistance rendered.

"What is it, senor?" one fellow asked, as he opened my chamber door, carrying a lighted candle in one hand, and rubbing his sleepy eyes with the other.

"A snake in the room," was my answer.

One jump, and the fellow vacated the apartment, all traces of sleepiness disappearing, as if by magic, from his dark eyes.

"Come back," I shouted; and, after a few minutes the servant returned in company with some of his companions, each one with lights and sticks.

Cautiously they entered the room, but at my request, remained near the door and made no demonstrations against the reptile. I wanted the pleasure of killing the snake, if possible, and without the risk of exposure.

"There he is, senor," said one of the servants, pointing to the window.

I looked, and saw a snake that appeared to be six feet long and eight or ten inches in circumference, a species of the cobra, with diamond eyes and glittering stripes. It had entered the room by the open window from the garden, and was disposed to leave by the same, but was unable to do so on account of the polished wood which extended from the floor to the ceiling.

At the head of my bed was a double-barreled gun, loaded with duck shot, kept in good order more for the purpose of keeping ladrones at a distance than for use; for the thieves of Manilla have a wholesome dread of firearms in the hands of foreigners. This weapon I removed from the hooks that supported it, pushed aside the mosquito netting, took deliberate aim, and discharged one barrel full at the head of the snake, which had threatened every one in the room with its long and loathsome fangs.

Over and over rolled the reptile, sending out drops of blood by its muscular contortions. Some of the servants fled in terror; but I discharged the second barrel of the gun at the monster, and that rendered him incapable of harming any one. The carcass was thrown from the window, and the floor was washed. I changed my apartment the next day; but for weeks I dreamed of snakes and other disagreeable things.

MAN himself is the author of most of his infirmities, and of them the greater number originate purely in mental or moral causes. It would be absurd to suppose that many diseases, and deaths too, should not arise from causes beyond the control of man; but his own pursuits and habits in life lay the foundation of by far the greatest portion.

TRUE wealth consists in virtue, and not in the possession of great estates; and wisdom consists in understanding, and not in yours. The wisest of men is he who has the most civility for others.

THE FATAL SNARE.

BY A. THORNTON.

"There have been a good many burglaries of late, Thomas," said Mr. Thornton, as he was about leaving the bank for the day, "and I have been thinking it might be well if you remained here of nights for the present—especially as one of the entrance keys is missing, and may have gotten into wrong hands."

"I have been thinking that same thing myself, sir," Thomas answered. "I can lie on the lounge there, you see, in the back office, quite comfortable like."

"And sleep through a dozen safe-explosions, most likely, and never lose a snore."

"Never fear, sir; the stirring of a mouse wakes me."

"Well, take this revolver, then; I suppose you know how to use it?"

Thomas hoped he did; hoped he hadn't been in the army without learning *that* much. And so Thomas was left on guard; and the rich banker, who had outstayed all his clerks this evening, took his departure.

Mr. Thornton was a widower, having an only son, whom he had set his heart on marrying to a ward of his, a young heiress, whose fortune had lost nothing under his management, the fruits of which he would have been loth to see reaped by a stranger.

But Mary Burton had a will, as well as a heart of her own, and naturally felt that the former was entitled to some share in the disposal of the latter. She esteemed Edward Thornton, but she both *loved* and esteemed Lawrence Ridgeley; and that made a mighty difference. As for the young men, they were both her adorers, though Edward knew his suit was hopeless, and had long ceased to press it. There was even a warm friendship between himself and his rival. They had been schoolmates and companions in the days when Lawrence Ridgeley's father was a prosperous merchant, whose son was little likely ever to be under the necessity of earning his bread, as he was now doing, in the position of a hard-worked clerk in the banking house of Abel Thornton.

That gentleman, we have said, had set his heart on the marriage of his son to his ward, and he was not slow in discovering that Lawrence Ridgely was a serious impediment to his plans—an impediment which he would have gladly removed without being over-scrupulous as to the means, for he was a hard and cruel man to those whom he conceived to stand in his way.

Before Lawrence Ridgely left the bank on the evening in question, he received directions from Mr. Thornton to meet the latter in his library, after tea, to assist in the preparation of some foreign correspondence to go out by next morning's mail.

The young clerk was there at the appointed time. He wrote, at his employer's dictation, till a late hour, when it became necessary to the further progress of their work to consult some papers, which Mr. Thornton remembered he had left on the desk in his private room at the bank. As there was no getting on without the absent papers, Ridgeley offered to go and bring them. Mr. Thornton appeared pleased with his promptness, and apologized with unusual civility for accepting the offer.

Lawrence at once set out on his errand. He was waiting at a crossing for a cab, when Edward Thornton accosted him, "Which way so late?"

"I am going to the bank," said Lawrence, "for a package of papers which your father wishes to consult to-night."

"Ah! that reminds me of something! I will save you the trip, with your permission. I forgot a parcel there this afternoon which I shall need in the morning; so, if you will tell me where the papers are to be found, I will do your errand and mine at the same time."

"But I could bring your parcel."

"You would never be able to find it, or to know it if you did; I'm the worst possible hand at descriptions and directions. So give me the door-key, and tell me where the papers are."

"They are on your father's desk," said Lawrence, handing him the key; and just then a cab was passing, which Edward hailed and entered.

Nearly an hour would be required to go to the bank and return, and Lawrence infinitely preferred a stroll in the bright moonlight to passing the time in Mr. Thornton's sombre company.

All lovers are poetic. No wonder, then, that Lawrence Ridgely walked and dreamed away an hour before he had thought it well began. But the striking of a clock recalled him from his reverie, and he knew it was time to return to his employer, who, he feared, had already been kept waiting.

Mr. Thornton met him with a lowering and sinister look, in which a tinge of disappointment was visible.

"Well, have you brought the papers? You have taken your time at least."

"I have not been at the bank, sir. Edward——"

Mr. Thornton's face was like marble.

"Edward! what of Edward?" he exclaimed, frantic with excitement.

Lawrence briefly explained how it had happened that Edward had gone to the bank in his stead. Simple as was the recital, the listener seemed paralyzed at it. He clutched at the nearest object for support. Then recovering himself with a desperate effort, he rushed towards the door; but before reaching it his steps were arrested by a violent ringing of the bell.

"Great God!" he cried, "it is too late!" And he sank shivering into a seat, and covered his face with his hands.

Lawrence opened the door, and a stranger presented himself.

"Can I see Mr. Thornton?" he inquired.

Lawrence conducted him [to his employer's presence.

"I bring you sad news, Mr. Thornton."

But the messenger might have spared himself the trouble of telling it. None knew better than Abel Thornton that the snare which he had spread for another's life had proved destructive to that of his child. He had intended that Lawrence Ridgely, entering the bank at an unseasonable hour, without knowing any one was on watch, and consequently taking no care to announce himself, should be fired on and slain as a burglar. Everything had worked as he had planned; but the victim was *his own son!*

Insanity is a boon when it brings forgetfulness of ills too grievous to be borne; but not such is the insanity which now consigns Abel Thornton to a maniac's cell. Ghastly visions of his crime are ever present to haunt his waking, and still more horribly to torment his sleeping hours.

FACETIÆ

WHAT a barber musn't do—Lather his wife.

A BOY has just died from a dose of ink out West. An ink-west determined the fact.

A STRANGE ANIMAL.—The following advertisement appeared lately in an English paper: "For sale, an excellent bottler's cart-horse and harness, with an established and extensive public-house connection attached thereto."

FATHER CHAUCER was sound on the main question. Witness:

What is better than gold? Jasper.
What is better than jasper? Wisdom.
What is better than wisdom? Women.
What is better than women? Nothing.

ONE FOR HIM!—Clara (to Fitz-Smythe, who has been mildly sarcastic)—"Oh, you know, you're such a quiz!"

Fitz-S.—"Oh, I was only taking myself off then!"

Clara.—"What, going already? Well, good morning."

"PA, who is 'Many Voters?'" asked a young hopeful of his sire. "Don't know him, my son. Why?" "Cos I saw you signin' his name to that letter you wrote the other night askin' you to run for Alderman." "Sh-h-h, my son; here's a nickel; go and get some candy."

IN ÆTERNUMQUE SED——.—Mrs. Chuppins—"Said, indeed! Why I said as they said as you said as I'd said as she'd said that you said as he said it!"

Old Boakes—"Said what?"

Mrs. C.—"Why as you said as she said as he'd said you'd punch his 'ed!"

A YOUNG gentleman of six summers, who was worrying over a piece of herring at dinner the other day, posed his mamma by asking her, "Where did God find all the bones to make the first?" The youngster was referred to Seth Green for an answer to the conundrum.

ALWAYS acknowledge all courtesies in a kindly spirit. Throw a bouquet and a card of thanks to a serenading party, if not prepared to invite them in. If you haven't a bouquet or a card at hand, throw a bootjack, or a brick, or anything of that sort, just to show your appreciation of the kindness intended.

KIND AND CONSIDERATE.—Maud (who, with Ethel, has just been invited to go for a cruise in a friend's yacht)—"Now, the question is, whom shall we ask to chaperone us?—old Mrs. Busbee, or old Miss Majoribanks?"

Jack (who is to be of the party)—"Which is the worst sailor?"

Maud—"Mrs. Busbee."

Jack—"Oh, then ask her! For the sooner she goes down below the better, you know."

THIS is a story of a good hearted judge; and a lawyer who had a fatal fondness for liquor:

Mr. Lawyer one day had to appear in court; unluckily he had made it a point of honor to take a "smile" with all the witnesses, and he was hardly in a condition to do full justice to his client. The judge saw how matters lay and adjourned the court for half an hour. Obviously the lawyer ought to have spent the time in holding his head under a pump, or have ordered cold soda. Injudiciously, however, he went to a saloon and manufactured a mighty drink, which he swallowed to "square things."

On resuming his address to the court he smiled very inanely, and made a variety of foolish observations. The judge told him to sit down.

"Does your Honor mean to say that I'm d—runk?" said the lawyer.

"I mean to say," said the mild old judge, "that—looking at all the circumstances of the case, and speaking to the best of my judgment—I hardly think you are in a fit condition to address the court."

For a moment the lawyer maintained an attitude and look of wounded feeling and drunken wisdom. He then said, calmly:

"I really believe, that *for this once your Honor is correct in an opinion.*"

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CHRONIC DISEASES, SCROFULA,

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ERYSIPELAS, KIDNEY, BLADDER,

AND LIVER COMPLAINTS,

DYSPEPSIA, AFFECTIONS OF

THE LUNGS AND THROAT,

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The Fashion Boudoir and Notes & Queries

[Communications relating exclusively to subjects considered in this department, in order to receive prompt attention, should be addressed to "Fashion Editress" SATURDAY EVENING POST.]

In accordance with a promise made in our last, we shall give a description of the kilt suits, worn alike by little girls and boys. They may be made of any dark cloth, or else of debege, in any of the pretty shapes of gray and brown. The costume is composed of two pieces, sacque and skirt. The latter is simply turned up at the bottoms and caught on the underside with what are termed by modistes, "blind stitches." It is then laid in kilt-plaits of about an inch and a half wide, and attached to a band. Directly in front the skirt is plain; sometimes a few rows of silk or worsted braid, the "star" braid is best, disposed in a diamond pattern perpendicularly, or else in plain, straight rows, are placed thereon; it is fastened at the left side by bows or rosettes of ribbons to correspond with the color of the garment.

The sacque may be made of any fanciful shape for little girls; but for the little boys it is cut more in the form of a jacket. We saw a very pretty model for the latter, cut long, and to come down well over the hips, and accompanied by a vest. These suits are only worn by boys under six years of age.

We alluded to some late styles of hats and bonnets which we have recently seen, and which came direct from Paris. One was a black felt, with a flaring, or what is known as the "halo" front. A small rouleau of black faille is placed around the edge of the rim. A large double bow of alternate loops of black and light-blue faille is placed directly in front. Smaller loops are at the back, not hanging down, as they were worn last season, but standing upright. The left side has a small aigrette of blue steel, from which springs two ostrich tips, one black the other blue; one inclines to the front the other to the back.

Another hat was of brown silk, combined with velvet, the crown silk the rim velvet. It was trimmed with clusters of Bengal roses, three in front, just above the forehead, and four at the back. Loops and soft irregular folds of silk and velvet form the rest of the trimming; also a shaded wing and a tiny hummingbird is poised just at the left of the front of the hat. A pleating of fine crepe lisse is placed outside the rim. For elderly ladies, lace and crepe lisse strings will be worn fastened at the back of the bonnet, and are brought around and fastened loosely under the chin or on the breast.

The latest novelty in Paris is the cuirass, made of a silk material entirely covered with small scales, or "pearls" as they are termed, of steel. The cuirass is made without sleeves, and fits like armor. Although we have seen a polonaise or pirulessus made of this rather eccentric material, yet the principal use that will be made of it will be to make the sleeveless cuirass for evening, dinner or opera wear.

The glistening effect may be imagined, and we think it a fashion not likely to become very popular, as it savors somewhat of tinsel. Still for some occasions it might be used with marked effect.

A beautiful costume of black silk was made as follows: It had no overskirt, the back breadths being laid in wide box plaits and slightly drawn up to form a bouffante. The front is trimmed with a flounce about a quarter of a yard in depth, above which is placed a deep puff, beaded and edged with a ruffle set on in small box plaits. The same ruffle is placed down each side, where the plain back breadths join the front. A bias fold of velvet, embroidered with jet, is placed as a beading to the ruffle. The basque is of the cuirass shape, double-breasted, and with standing collar and wide revers of velvet. The sleeves have deep cuffs of velvet with a row of jet buttons on the outer edge. A bias of black velvet edges the basque. Two double bows of velvet are placed down each side of the skirt, at the part where the back and front widths join, and just back of the ruffle. This is, as the description would indicate, a walking suit. The hat to be worn with it is gray felt, trimmed with a wing and ostrich tip, and a scarf of *reseda* green faille.

Vigogne is very popular for autumn suits. A costume of two shades of brown—banana and a shade approaching a fawn—was very pretty.

The lower skirt was simply made. Only a deep flounce and a few folds above. The overdress and basque were of the light brown, and were trimmed with a knife edge plaiting of the same, beaded by two milliner's folds of the dark. The apron front was very long, and looped at the side in folds that turned upwards. The back of the overskirt was a long straight piece, also edged with the pleating, and looped under the basque ends in two pouffs. Two long sash ends edged all around with the pleating, and loosely knotted together, hang over the back. The sleeves have deep cuffs edged with the pleating; the neck a double pleating standing upright, and ending on the bust with a bow.

Basques for misses and young ladies are made to button up behind, as well as in front.

A ruching of feather trimming is placed inside the rims of felt hats.

The French sacque, which is longer, will be more worn than the Medicis this autumn.

The hair is worn very low abond. Either in a long braid looped and tied with a black ribbon, or else two or three thick curls are caught together at the back and tied. Finger puffs and rolls adorn the top of the head. The hair is worn very low on the forehead, either in a fringe of little curls, or else combed out plain, as children's hair is cut, or else creped and puffed.

Lockets attached to black velvet ribbons are very much worn. Ruches for the neck are double and sometimes even triple.

NINON.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MRS. R.—Your little boy and girl of five and six can both wear the kilt suits. Read Boudoir for this week for description of them.

MISS M. DEL.—Your second-best hat for late autumn and early winter had better be of felt. Trim with cock feathers and a scarf of faille.

A. L. G.—You can, of course, purchase the cloth already studded with jet for your cuirass basque, but you can put on the jet beads yourself at much less cost. Trim with yak lace.

LOVE vs. BEAUTY.

Verdict for the Plaintiff.

BY A. R. P.

Love, perched one day
On an orange-spray,
Saw Beauty whiling
The time away
In a bower of his own red roses.
"Ah!" chuckles he,
"Here's work for me!"
As he flies where the maid reposes.

"How dare you stare,"
Quoth the lady fair,
"Strutting, and bridling,
And ogling there?
None of your pranks on me!
I'm up to your tricks and your plots, sir, now!
And I won't believe your strongest vow.
So let by-gones by-gones be."

"Oh!" whimpered he,
"But you used to be,
To my sacred rites,
Such a devotee,
To all my lures a friend."
"Well, well," said she,
"Yes, that *may* be,
But it's '*never too late to mend.*'"

Then aloft he flew,
And his bright bow drew,
And the silver arrow
Went whistling true
To the roguish maiden's breast:
While she, blushing, laughed, with a well-feigned sigh,
"Come, it's no use fighting with *Destiny*,
And '*second thoughts are best!*'"

ADA'S TRIUMPH.

BY FREDERICK S. MILLS.

Poor Ada! Only a few short months ago her life was without shadow, her heart without one throb of agony, her mind as buoyant and free from care as the most brilliant of summer butterflies, reveling in one long day of glorious sunshine, over which the gloom of evening never came.

And now, crushed, broken, faded, spurned! The butterfly caught in the meshes of a silken net, still within view of the sweetly perfumed flowers, which bend their jeweled heads with affection to the sun, yet imprisoned in the cold, damp, treacherous shadows, where the sunshine may never fall again.

A year ago, free as the mountain breeze, her young heart coquetted here and there at will, laughing love to scorn; but now, the relentless god had given battle to the weak enemy, and her heart was left upon the battle field—wounded, dead.

So those eyes which were so soft, and bright, and beautiful of old, wear a tinge of sadness now. Those spotless cheeks, fresh with the blushful innocence of youth, are wan and pale, and those rosy lips, whose very motion was an ecstasy, are closely pressed together, and the color fades from them as she reads the tidings which are the first link of sorrow in her life.

"Donald, Donald!" she murmurs, while her bosom heaves with the irregular motion of an angry sea; and her hand the sculptured beauty of which he has so often caressed, and praised as the only one worthy to wear the ring he gave her, quivers as a falling leaf in the cold unfriendly wind.

Only a few lines of small, clear type, bearing no special interest to the outside world. Yet they were the forerunners of misery intense.

"Married, on the 26th ult., Agnes, only daughter of the late George Temple, to Donald James Collier, of Woodbridge, Pa."

"Donald, Donald!" a pitiful, wailing, a reproachful cry, filled with the agony of love unsatisfied, and she fell to the earth, unconscious of everything save that the hope of her life was dead.

From the death there arose a new life, no longer the self-willed, impetuous loving Ada Clare, but a woman, strong and brave, heavy and sorrowful at heart, but firm, unflinching, filled and upheld by one solitary wish—a vague desire for vengeance!

It was barely a year ago when she gave her heart into his keeping. He was an artist of some small repute, and he lodged, that summer, at her uncle's farm, whither she went to, little heeding that when another summer came, her life would have blossomed with sweet love, and that the blossom would be plucked and thrown away.

"Ada," he said, when the time for parting came—how well remembered were his words, "look up into my face."

She had obeyed him, bashfully, hopefully—coyly, but lovingly.

"It is said the face is the index of the mind. Can you read it, Ada? Can you trace in mine the love I bear towards you, a love too strong for words?"

She was silent, but she bowed her head and waited blissfully, trustfully waited for the words that were yet to come.

"What answer shall *I* read, Ada? Your sweet blushes would bid me hope. Is this so, my darling? May I claim you for my very own? will you be my wife?"

She trembled a little, and laid her hand confidingly in his, and he placed a ring upon her finger—the ring she has crushed beneath her feet to-night; and he kissed her lips—the lips that have turned so very pale at the recollection of it, and he promised to love and to protect her always.

But the winter came, cold, dreary winter—there were no longer artistic wanderings in fairy wilds. The earth was cheerless and bare, and the young artist turned from its contemplation to the warmth and glow of social city life.

So when the glad spring sunshine revived his unstable nature, it was Agnes Temple, the fascinating ball-room belle, who attracted this moth to the light of love again.

Meantime, the trustful, genuine-hearted Ada Clare waited, and hoped, and counted the days and the hours until the spring passed into summer once more.

Then the blow fell. The first chapter of her life was ended. All that was left of the old love, which had commenced so favorably, was the one heart-breaking cry, "Donald, Donald!"

* * * * * *

The giddy world was in the zenith of its glory. The leaders of fashion had returned from their summer rambles and were busily comparing notes of their adventures in far away places. Anxious mammas were calculating their daughters' latest chances, and deciding which of their newly-formed acquaintances were worthy of extended patronage. City merchants, whose untiring energy had placed their wives and daughters within this magic circle, were ruefully calculating the expenses of the late summer, invitations to social gatherings were passing to and fro, when Donald Collier and his young bride returned from their wedding tour.

A maiden aunt, who resided near the city, had invited Ada to relieve her loneliness. Ada had joyfully accepted the invitation, and the good lady had promised her a merry time and an introduction to society.

And Rebecca had determined in her own mind that her niece was quite old enough to enter the lists in competition with some of the designing fair ones of her acquaintance, who held the male sex in a state of siege, and she had formed several little plans of her own, which would doubtless help her to secure a true and loving husband for her niece.

It never once occurred to her that in the seclusion which had hitherto surrounded Ada, her heart could have found its mate, nor would such a thought have received a moment's consideration. She was determined that Ada should have every opportunity of making a brilliant match, and she gloried in her own anticipations of the result.

And Ada? She accepted the invitation, gladly believing it a means toward the end she had in view.

She was singularly beautiful; her sorrow had given her an additional grace. She was no longer a thoughtless, petulent child. She had all of a woman's nature, but without the softening influence of a woman's love.

Miss Rebecca was enraptured with her niece. She had expected a plain, homely, trusting country girl. She received a woman who was destined to become "the rage," the subject of conversation for a month or two at least.

Her wishes, thus far, were realized. After her introduction to society, society went mad upon her account. Her acquaintance was courted on every side. She was a new and the latest idol, and scattered the usual jealousies and disappointments among the worshipers at her shrine.

She was the belle of the season; numberless suitors bended the knee to the reigning favorite. She heeded them not. The lesser stars and minor lights of the fashionable horizon became fearfully jealous of her wonderful attractiveness—jealous of her whose heart was shredded and torn, whose calm, unruffled surface hid but the wreck of her whole life's happiness.

At last the long-expected, looked-for meeting came. She was introduced to *him*, and bowed. No recognition of the old-time wanderings over hill and dale escaped her lips. He looked curiously into her face, wonderingly, barely comprehending that this was the maiden to whom he had once uttered words of love and tenderness.

Bravely she passed through the self-sought trying ordeal; then the reaction came. The room was close and oppressive. Her soul fretted and trembled in its imprisonment. She sought the cool solitude of the conservatories, perhaps with intuition that in a little time he would seek her there alone.

"Ada—Miss Clare!"

She turned, calmly facing him whom she had loved, and smiled and looked at him questioningly. No anger, no sudden outburst of passion, nothing but the slight recognition of an old acquaintance in her look or manner.

"Will you forgive me, Ada?"

"What a question, Mr. Collier!" she replied, shrugging her fair shoulders. "I have nothing to forgive."

Was it so soon forgotten then? He was piqued, mortified at this cold forgetfulness. He came to her sorrowfully, penitently, and she would not accept his penitence, it seemed.

"I have acted meanly—despicably," he said. "Never until this moment have I realized how infamous my conduct has been towards you, Ad—Miss Clare."

The last words were an effort. He was thinking of the time when he was "Donald," and she the gentle, loving "Ada" of his dreams.

There was a chasm between them now, and their Christian names, which seemed so sweetly musical, lay at the bottom of it, never rightly to be worn upon their lips again!

"It was no fault of yours, Mr. Collier, that you loved another. As to our very pleasant acquaintance of a year ago," she answered, scornfully, "it has failed to impress me, save as the reading of some tender poem. I have returned to the earth again."

"Do not speak to me in that strain, Ada (he was already treading on the brink of the precipice); reproach me, spurn me, it will be but just. I have loved you always, and I love you even now."

"Mr. Collier," she replied, "never dare to speak to me like this again. A year ago you won my love—you were my ideal. Alas, my affection served but for your sport. You thrust it from you as a broken toy. My ideal was a poor one, but such as it was I treasured its remembrance. Never, until this day, have I known how unutterably base you are."

"One moment—let me explain——"

"Not one word! How dare you profess to love me—you, who have a wife! How will you dare return to her, hypocrite though you be, with a loving word for *her*—her right, not mine—upon your lips."

"Forgive me."

"Never for this insult. For loving me when you had the right to do so, being free, I can easily forgive. For marrying another in the face of your sacred promise, I can forgive you, too—it was better so far, better for us both. At the time of your inconstancy, I vowed—solemnly vowed, that I would yet again bring you to my feet. I entered the great city world that you might see and know I was not quite unworthy of the position I should have held had I been your wife. I have accomplished both of these desires. You have told me that you still love me, and I tell you, Donald Collier, that I have no feeling whatever for you, either of love or loathing. This is my revenge. I bid you from my presence once and for ever. I would mockingly have led you onward to your ruin, this was my intent—I am candid, am I not? I have remembered, in time, that an innocent person would be involved in the catastrophe. For her sake I bid you go."

Too late, too late! He could realize now the extent of the happiness he had wilfully thrown aside. Her indignation added fuel to the fire. With one wild, despairing look he tore himself away.

She remained brooding in the shadows of the conservatory. At length she became conscious of another presence. A gentle, timid hand was laid upon her arm—that of a lady whose face was pale as a face from the spirit land, and whose voice as she whispered "Miss Clare" had a melancholy cadence in its sweetly musical tone.

"Pardon me, Miss Clare," she said, "I have unwittingly overheard the greater part of your conversation with my husband."

"Mrs. Collier!"

"Yes. Have you known my husband very long, Ada? I may call you Ada, may I not?"

"Indeed, indeed you may," said Ada, for her stricken heart warmed towards this gentle lady, who had come between her and her once beloved.

The two women mingled their tears, and thenceforth they were friends.

"I do not wonder at Donald loving you," said Ada, at their parting. "You are so beautiful, so good."

Thenceforth Mrs. Collier and Ada met frequently in society, and something more than the ordinary civilities passed between them. They loved each other just as sisters should.

Other queens reigned over the empire of fashion, and in time another hero reigned in Ada's breast.

It was Ronald Temple, Mrs. Collier's brother.

The greater part of his life had been passed amid scenes of wild adventures on the prairies and among the Indian braves. He sympathised with Ada, pitied her (his sister had related to him the melancholy history of her friend), and he speedily became one of the suitors for her hand.

To him her spirit turned. The wildness and danger of his early life attracted her towards him. The world in its superficial criticism argued that he was too far gone in years to marry a young wife, but Ada needed no young love; his rough, yet to her gentle and kindly, protection, gave her rest and ease and peace.

And Donald? His lesson was not forgotten. There was much bitterness at first, but at the time of Ada's marriage with his wife's brother, all wounds were healed, and happiness came to his household, too, for there was a new link in the chain which bound him to Agnes.

They called it "Ada."

Many years afterwards another wedding united the two families; all evil thought and influence were removed, and perfect happiness reigned at last.

HOW THE HEAD OF THE HOUSEHOLD TAKES THE PET OUT FOR A WALK—AND THE RESULT.

BY F. F.

Did you ever see a mother dress her darling for a walk with papa? How the rosy cheeks shine with soap and water. How carefully is each little soft, vine-tendril ringlet rolled over her fingers. What dainty little boots she laces over those plump feet. How much love is woven into the embroidered frock, which she fastens so closely around that croup-tempting throat—defying the treacherous wind. And how, with many a soft touch of her hand, every stray speck of dust is removed from the velvet cap, which is jauntily set on that glossy head, framing those bright eyes and cherry lips into as sweet a picture as ever a devotee knelt before. Another kiss, and another, and papa takes the tips of the tiny fingers, and nods a good-bye to the matronly face pressed close against the window-pane to catch the last satisfied look. Surely no child ever was, or ever will be, so pretty—she says to herself—as she sits down to her needle.

So far so good. Men like children till they grew troublesome. Mamma can't see round the corner—luckily for her peace of mind. Papa stops to speak to an acquaintance. Tommy seizes that opportunity to fall flat on his stomach into a puddle, where he lies—a disconsolate bunch—with his nose perked up in the air, awaiting the paternal release. Papa stops talking, sets him right end up, takes his pocket-handkerchief, scours his face, and rubs the dirt into his frock, and starts anew. Tommy, still continuing disconsolate, it occurs to papa to obtain a temporary reprieve by purchasing some candy; which is received gleefully by the comforted cherub, who commences distributing it equally—outside and inside—now on the nice frock, now on the ribbons of his little cap, making small account of the new gloves, in which it was such a job to encase the restless little fingers. Papa, well satisfied, strolls dreamily along, reveling in the curling fumes of his cigar, till the candy is finished. Then he buys a gingerbread cake as a further quietus, and the insatiate infant's teeth are soon buried in the soft treasure; ribbons, gloves, cap, and frock again coming in for a share of the *spoils*. Still—puff—puff—though the heavens should fall! At length the gingerbread fails, simultaneously with Tommy's legs. Papa for the first time glances at the sticky condition of his offspring, and inquires with a seducing parental smile. "Wouldn't Tommy like to ride in a street car?" The gorged infant nods a gracious assent. Papa takes him up by the morocco belt, for his own personal security, which gives away, and drops off into the gutter, but at the conductor's "make haste there," he unceremoniously catches at one of Tommy's fat legs, and hastily deposits him on a seat, where he is soon fast asleep; his cap crowded quite over his nose, the cape of his coat hind-side-before, one boot unlaced, his stockings down, and his coat, like Joseph's of old, *of many colors*.

Meantime, mamma waits anxiously at the window the arrival of her pet. She rushes into the hall with uplifted hands. She smells the cigar smoke—at once she knoweth all! She taketh Tommy silently in her arms up into the nursery, and putting out of sight the spoiled suit of clothes, says—"It really *is* trying; but men have no patience with children, when they interfere with their comfort; and after all there's no use in being cross about it." Good little woman! Let us hope her husband knows how to appreciate her! Ten to one he don't.

BEAUTY.—Lord Bryon observed, justly, that the best part of beauty is that which a picture cannot express. Lord Shaftesbury asserts that all beauty is truth. True features make the beauty of the face, and true proportions the beauty of architecture, as true measure the harmony and music. In poetry which is all fable, truth is still the perfection. Fontenelle thus daintily compliments the sex when he compares women and clocks—the latter serve to point out the hours, the former to make us forget them. There is a magic power in beauty that all confess—a strange witchery that enchants us with a potency as irresistible as that of the magnet. It is to the moral world what gravitation is to the physical. It is easier to write about beauty in women, and its all-pervading influence, than to define what it is. Women are the poetry of the world, in the same sense as the stars are the poetry of heaven. Clear, light-giving, harmonious, they are the terrestial planets that rule the destinies of mankind.

Correspondents' Bureau

☞ It is the intention to make this Department an attractive feature to all our readers. In addition to important and particular information for Subscribers, Contributors, and others, it will necessarily contain many novel, instructive and entertaining topics, fully discussed in answer to the numerous Notes and Queries contained in our general correspondence.

☞ All communications must be addressed to R. J. O. WALKER, Editor and Proprietor SATURDAY EVENING POST, No. 727 WALNUT Street, Philadelphia.

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TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Authors and others will take notice that, by rules of the P. O. Department, Manuscripts intended for publication in periodicals are subject to letter rates. Insufficiently stamped MSS. will not be taken out of the P. O. by us. Rejected MSS. will not be returned, unless by special request, with sufficient stamps enclosed to prepay postage.

Contributors are requested to write on only one side of the sheet, and to avoid the use of pale or fancy inks.

TO GENERAL CORRESPONDENTS.

E. S.—To make the skin soft and smooth, use honey soap for the face, and apply cold cream occasionally on retiring at night.

A. B. C.—We believe that it is now pretty well settled that Sir Philip Francis was the author of the celebrated letters of Junius.

W. T. K.—The best method of removing ink from carpet, is before it dries to throw on as much salt and black pepper as will absorb it; then wash in plenty of cold water.

S. A. S.—To curl feathers and give them that curly form so much admired, scrape the ribs with a piece of glass, cut circularly, in order to render them pliant, and then draw the edge of a blunt knife over the filaments.

A. B.—Reporters on the staff of the London newspapers get, or did get a couple of years ago, salaries of four or five guineas a week; equal to about $20 to $25. Casual reporters make about thirty shillings ($4) to two pounds ($10) a week.

B. M.—It is a most erroneous notion that the killing of a dog which has bitten a person will have any preventive effect in respect to hydrophobia. The dog should not be killed unless it be really mad; and in that case it should be destroyed to prevent its biting any one else.

PHONOGRAPHER.—There is a very fair demand for short-hand writers. It altogether depends upon your application and natural aptitude for the study as to how long it would take you to learn it; it generally takes some years to become proficient.

S. C. H. (Hillsdale.)—The gentleman referred to is now engaged in selling subscription books. 2. We can furnish you with back numbers only from April 5th, 1873, to the present time. The others are out of print. 3. Yes; we shall soon publish stories of each of the kinds referred to by you.

MIZPAH.—You will find the meaning of the word Mizpah in your Bible. See Genesis, 31st chapter and 49th verse: "The Lord watch between me and thee, when we are absent one from another." You will at once perceive the reason why it is used so often as an inscription upon engagement and other rings.

HARRY M.—We would not advise you to marry the young girl if you have no warmer feelings towards her than "gratitude and admiration." It might be that you could after a time love her, to be sure; but gratitude and admiration alone form hardly a sufficient foundation for a man to risk his earthly happiness on.

SAIDE AND SUE.—"Please answer the following questions: 1. Who was the mother of King David? 2. Is there a Heaven for Free Masons? 3. Has Charlie Ross ever been found?" 1. We do not know that the name of David's mother is anywhere mentioned in the Bible. 2. Being a Free Mason ourselves we sincerely hope so. 3. No.

DESERVED.—We can only give you the advice that any one else would, we are sure, give you, and that is to do your best to bear up against the disappointment. Indeed, as the person seems to have behaved very unfeelingly towards you, we should think that you ought to congratulate yourself on having had an escape from marrying such a man.

PETRO.—Gold is found in Vermont, Maryland, Virginia, North and South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Tennessee, Kansas, Nebraska, Nevada, Oregon and California. In addition to these there are the ten territories, from Arizona to the far off Sitka, and from Dakota on the eastern side of the Rocky mountains to Washington Territory on the Pacific.

J. G.—If the party to which your friends invited your brother, without inviting you and your cousin who was staying with you, was one which was attended by ladies as well as gentlemen, your brother should most certainly not have gone, and you are justified in regarding their not inviting you and your cousin as a slight upon you both.

S. H. (Kansas City.)—We must say we are not a little surprised at your still debating whether or not you should continue a marriage engagement with a young lady, who you say is trying her very best to win the love of another young man. You must have very little pride and dignity about you, to think of heeding her to her engagement one day after you discovered her duplicity.

TAXPAYER.—The debt of the United States, in 1860, amounted to $64,769,703. Under Abraham Lincoln's administration the late civil war raised it to $1,740,690,489. When all was counted up, July 31st, 1865, our maximum national debt was $2,755,995,275, on which the total interest charge was nearly $152,000,000. The total of our national debt at the present time is, in round figures, $2,140,000,000.

PRISCILLA.—Certainly, under the circumstances of the case, it would be quite "proper" for the lady to recognize the gentleman on the street. 2. The young lady should invite the gentleman to call again, that is, if she wishes it. By her not doing so it leaves the gentleman in an unpleasant state of doubt as to whether his company was desired or not, and a sensitive or bashful individual might be frightened away altogether.

T. F. S.—The quotation you give, "God no sooner puts up a church, than the Devil puts up a chapel," has been put down to Daniel Defoe. He wrote a poem one verse of which is as follows:

"Whenever God erects a house of prayer,
The Devil is sure to build a chapel there;
And 'twill be found, upon examination,
The latter has the largest congregation."

But, in writing this, Defoe only versified a well known proverb of his day.

W. A. C.—If you are in doubt as to whether dancing is a sin or not, you should not dance. But, properly speaking, the term *sin* is too strong a word to apply to dancing. By the word *sin* is meant something which is intrinsically wrong, such as theft, murder, blasphemy, etc., and the committing of which does absolute wrong or ill to somebody—either to him who commits it, or to some victim of his act. However, in common conversation, it is customary to speak of almost every evil thing as a sin; and even dancing, chess playing, and other amusements of a similar nature, are thus regarded by many good people in these days.

C. G. (Newark), says he has been having a dispute with somebody as to "whether the hen that lays the egg, or the hen that hatches it is the mother of the chicken," and not being able themselves to settle this very knotty question, have decided to leave it to us to solve. We unhesitatingly decide in favor of the hen that lays the egg. If she be not the mother, then how about the chickens that are hatched in ovens now-a-days in this country as well as abroad? Is the man who attends to these ovens the mother of the entire brood? And, again, when a hen sits on a duck's eggs, for instance, is she the mother of the ducklings she hatches?

D. J.—The expediency of early marriages is a point about which many and grave arguments have been held. All the reasons for such a proceeding as an early marriage have over and over again been stated, and so have all the more weighty reasons against it. Some persons take the middle course in the matter, and are of opinion that in this, as in other affairs of life, the circumstances which surround the persons about to marry must determine their action; and that what, looking at the matter from some points of view, might seem an unpardonable folly, might, considered under other aspects, be a perfectly sensible and justifiable proceeding. You see, therefore, that until we know all the circumstances of your case, we could not decide what would be best for you to do.

TWO ARDENT ADMIRERS OF THE POST.—"We noticed that you had got tired out with receiving so many letters signed by 'Constant Reader' and 'An Old Subscriber;' so by way of a change we have signed ourselves 'Ardent Admirers,' as truly expressing our feelings towards the old 'Post' which has been taken by us for as long as we can remember. We cannot help saying that the POST has wonderfully improved ever since it came under your management, and seems to get better and better every week. And now to ask you a favor. Can you tell us how to make those pretty wreaths with autumn leaves which you see in some of the store windows?" First make the size and width of the wreath you want of stiff paper, and then sew a piece of steel hoop on the back to keep it from warping, and a loop to hang it up by. Begin at the top, arrange and sew on the smaller leaves, and have the larger and most brilliant ones at the bottom. We are very glad to hear from our "Ardent Admirers" in this case, but we have, indeed, so many that we are afraid we shall have to put a prohibition on this signature as we were forced to do on the others, if they use it too often.

K. S.—We think that the method of exchanging philopœnas as practiced in this country might be much improved, if we followed more closely that of the Germans in their own country, from whom we originally borrowed it. There, when a couple exchange philopœnas, the object of each is not mainly to be the first to pronounce the common word at their next meeting, but with the exchange the sport has not begun. The after object is to draw the other into accepting some offer, and if that is done, the "philopœna" is spoken, and a forfeit required. To illustrate it better by example: A and B exchange philopœnas at a party, and in a few days after, A calls upon B at his or her house. B, instead of waiting to be asked in, enters just before the invitation: if offered a chair, takes a seat upon the sofa; if B presses the butter to A at the table, A takes cheese instead, and so on, always taking care to accept nothing, but in a quiet way endeavoring to force the other party into acceptance of some offer on his own side. If at that visit either is successful, he immediately says "philopœna," but if both should always be on their guard, the thing may pass on to a subsequent occasion. You will see how preferable this method is to our own, where oftentimes there is a rude haste exhibited to be the first to speak, and where the person who has the least on his mind is generally successful.

A MOTHER.—With all due deference to your feelings on the matter of reading novels, as expressed in your letter to us, we do not think that there is any cause for alarm in the wonderful growth of the appetite for fiction which is one of the characteristics of the present day. The truth is that the readers of novels are, for the most part, those who would have read nothing at all. The great extension of education has awakened a taste for reading where it never existed before. The young and those only imperfectly educated are just in the stage in which they can only be interested by exciting narratives. Then, too, the gravest and most learned individual has a youthful corner in his mind, in which the appetite for fiction exists; and he is all the better for occasionally satisfying this natural craving. So far from the demand for light literature having interfered with the progress of learning and thought, the present age, though it must be admitted a novel reading one, is remarkable for the increase in all other branches of literature of a more useful and substantial cast. So you need not be afraid to allow your boy to read the stories that we publish in our columns. Depend upon it, he will find not a word or a sentiment in one of them that will do him the least harm; rather, on the contrary, he will find much that will benefit him. As to the stories of the highly sensational and exaggerated character to which you refer by name, we never publish any such in the POST.

N. E. Y.—"Please tell me who was the discoverer of photography. I have heard so many names given as the discoverer, that I should like to know which is the right one." It has been generally believed that the credit of discovering the art of photography belonged to Daguerre, a Frenchman, who published a work on the subject in 1839, and whose name is preserved in "daguerreotypes." But Lord Brougham, in his recently published autobiography, claims to have made the discovery in 1795, and says that he sent a paper giving an account of his experiments to the Royal Society, the secretary of which body omitted the part treating of photography. And now a claim to the honor is made in behalf of Matthew Boulton, James Watt's partner. It was known that he was a member of a secret scientific society; and after his death in 1809, there was found among his papers a number of crumpled and folded sheets of papers with pictures on them of the most puzzling kind. On smoothing out these pictures, they were found to consist of copies, on large sheets of very coarse paper, of certain well-known designs by Kaufman—the porous water-marked paper being thickly coated with some varnish-like substance, on the surface of which the pictures had been produced. All the sheets found in the library, as well as others afterwards discovered, presented the same characteristics—a glassy surface, with minute varnish-like cracks, the drawing of the figures most elaborately finished, the lights and shades so fully rendered as to give much the effect of a mezzo-tint, and an invariable reversal of the position of the figures. Further research also led to the discovery of two silver-metal plates, about the size of a sheet of note paper, precisely resembling in appearance those used by Daguerre in the early days of photography. On each of these plates was a faint image of Boulton's house, so unmistakably taken from nature, and so evidently produced by the aid of light, that experts at once pronounced them to be photographic pictures, taken directly by means of a camera. Attached to these plates was a memorandum stating that they were "sun pictures," representing the house prior to certain alterations made in 1791. All these facts lead, we think, to the conclusion that the discoveries of Daguerre were anticipated by Boulton.

DEAF AND DUMB MUTE.—It was not till 1817, and not so far back as you state, that there was any effort made on any scale for the education and improvement of the deaf and dumb in this country. In that year the deprivations of all the pleasures of life, which deafness and dumbness visited on a young lady of Hartford, Connecticut, interested some gentlemen of the same city in the subject; and they despatched a clergyman to England, to learn the system taught by some persons named Braidwood, who had met with much success and some celebrity. With a narrow mindedness strangely out of place in such a matter, these people declined to instruct the visitor except on terms at once exorbitant and burdensome; and the clergyman journeyed to France, accomplished his mission, and returned to the United States with M. Laurent Clerc, a well educated deaf mute, and one of the best teachers, on the system of Abbe Sicard, in use in his country, then to be found. In 1817, the American asylum at Hartford was opened, the Rev. Mr. Gallaudet, the clergyman above mentioned, taking the post of principal, and M. Clerc that of assistant. From this small beginning, which, like many other noble and useful works, originated in the zeal and liberality of a few private individuals, has grown up an extended system for the education and improvement of these unfortunates, whose claim to our wisest, best and most strenuous efforts needs no recapitulation. A column might be filled with the names of deaf and dumb persons who have become valuable and useful members of society, some of whom have obtained eminence in art, science and literature. But the greatest success in teaching those born deaf to speak has been recently attained, in the United States and in Germany, by the use of a system of lip talking. By this method, the language is communicated to the pupils solely by the motion of the speaker's lips; and such excellent results have followed the introduction of this method that, in an asylum at Northampton, Massachusetts, a general conversation is carried on with such rapidity and vivacity that it is at first difficult to induce a spectator to believe that the little pupils have been, many of them, stone deaf from their birth, and that the observation of the movements of the lips is the only opportunity for instruction that they have ever had. So thoroughly efficient is it, that education is being carried on, through its means, up to the higher branches, many of the pupils being proficient in physiology, botany and mental philosophy, as well as in drawing and other arts. Such results indicate the great superiority of the new system, and encourage us to hope that the terrible afflictions of deafness and dumbness may soon be deprived of their worst evils.

MISCELLANEOUS.—M. C. M.—It's a young lady's prerogative to invite a gentleman to call and see her, if she wishes to do so. POOR GIRL.—We know of no dancing school in this city where instruction is given gratuitously. ENGINEER.—You are not too old to learn the trade, if you can only get over the difficulty of what you will resist on during the necessary apprenticeship. GEORGE M.—We cannot possibly judge of the merit of a composition without seeing it. We shall be happy to inspect it, certainly, and give our candid opinion. C. H. S.—It is one of those subjects on which we decline offering an opinion. We give no controversial character to these columns. G. H.—There is nothing that we know of to prevent the hands from blistering while practising. The skin of the palms will harden by degrees. TWO SISTERS.—Yes; it is quite "lawful" for two brothers to marry two sisters. MADELINE.—Take plenty of exercise in the open air in order to reduce an inclination to stoutness. E. M. A.—We thank you for your kind and well meant offering, but the article is not suited for our columns. LOUISA.—The letters I. H. S. stand for *Jesus Hominum Salvator*, "Jesus, the Saviour of Men." DIDO.—There is no rule on the subject. It all depends upon circumstances. ANNIE.—Iodide of potassium will take out the stains of marking ink. W. H. C.—We never advise correspondents how they should invest their money.

☞ *A number of communications have been received, which will be answered next week.*